

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



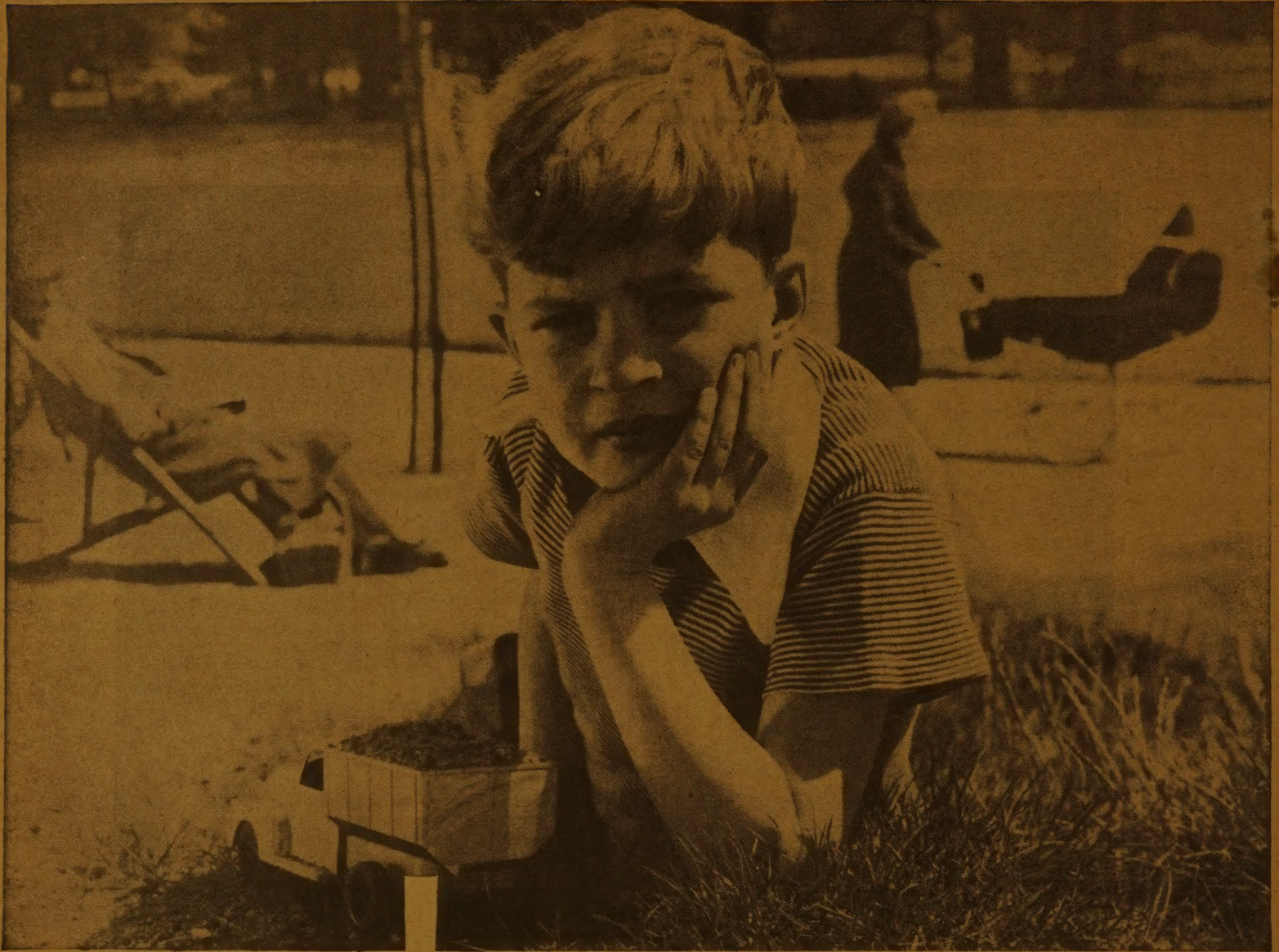
John Churchill, 1st Duke of Marlborough: after a painting by Kneller in the National Portrait Gallery. The 250th anniversary of the battle of Blenheim is on August 13

In this number:

The Turning-Point in Malaya (Alec Peterson)

Could the War of 1914-18 Have Been Averted? (A. J. P. Taylor)

Why There Is No Slump (Andrew Shonfield)



“Daddy, what is earth made of?”

That's mostly powdered rock he's playing with, you tell him — mixed with mould. It's the top of the earth called soil; in it are mineral salts, which help to feed the plants which in turn feed us.

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The Listener

Vol. LII. No. 1328

Thursday August 12 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

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The Turning-Point in Malaya

By ALEC PETERSON

WITH the cease-fire in Indo-China, there is only one spot in the world—Malaya—where a hot war is still being waged by the local Communist Party against the established Government. But the 'shooting war' in the Federation of Malaya is a different affair from what it was two years ago when *The Times* compared the effect of General Templer's arrival with that of de Lattre de Tassigny in Indo-China. If these last years have, as I think, been a turning-point, one of the signs—and one which I think we often forget—is that back in 1952, immediately after the murder of the High Commissioner, people really could think of the dangers in Malaya and Indo-China in almost the same terms. No one could do that now.

The hot war is not over, and it still involves as great hardships and nearly as great dangers as ever. But there is no possibility now of a communist victory. If you want evidence of that, look at the casualties they inflict each month. The civilian ones average about eight to ten murders, usually of Chinese who have either failed to pay subscriptions to the party or are suspected—often wrongly—of being police informers; the military casualties are up to a dozen soldiers or police killed in action. That is bad, but it is not high if you compare it with Indo-China, or even with the number of murders and casualties produced by gang warfare and local feuds in other south-east Asian countries.

This reduction of the communist threat must provoke three questions in anybody's mind: first, why do the Malayan com-

munist still fight on? Second, why does it still cost so much in money and troops to keep them in check? And, third, if all this still goes on, has there really been a turning-point at all? For two years up to last month I was a Malayan Government servant, but it was a temporary appointment now finished, and what I am going to say represents simply my own personal views—not the official view of any government.

It is certainly easier to see why the Malayan Communist Party started shooting than why they go on. Their original decision was almost certainly part of a grand communist plan and linked with the Korean war, the Indo-Chinese war, and communists risings in Burma and Indonesia. Many individual members of the party doubted the wisdom of it even in 1948, but, as usual, most of them followed the party line. I reckon that between one-sixth and one-eighth of the original communist force have now abandoned it and come over to our side. About a quarter of these are actually fighting as anti-communist volunteers. But in spite of all this there has been no sign that the communist high command are anxious to call the shooting off. Only a couple of weeks ago they murdered an oil-palm planter and a Colonial Development officer whose work, in freeing the country from its excessive dependence on the rubber and tin industries, was exactly what the masses of the Malayan people really need.

You might have expected them to call it off quite early, when they found that their small, Chinese-organised revolutionary movement

commanded virtually no support among the Malays and Indians—the greater part of the population; or, again, in 1952 when their new policy, of selective attacks only, had clearly failed. But the next directive merely reversed this policy and called for increased violence and more aggressive action. It was not very effectively or enthusiastically carried out, but there was no doubt about the intention. There was to be no calling off. The reason is, I think, that the communist leaders have been buoyed up by a conviction that they are following the party line and that this line will lead in the end to military victory for communism in south-east Asia. The followers, on the other hand, have been more worried by the fact that, without help from outside, it could not possibly lead to victory in Malaya. It will be interesting to see now what effect the communist 'new look' in south-east Asia, as it appears after Geneva, will have on the determination of the leaders.

Need for High Degree of Security

But, if the aggressive terrorist threat has been reduced to just hanging on, why cannot we, too, reduce our effort more than we are doing? It is, in fact, one of the communist propaganda points. 'We may not be doing much', they say, 'but look how much money we are costing the British imperialists!' The answer lies partly in the strategic situation and partly in the social and economic structure of Malaya. This campaign of terrorism, waged by a few thousand men in the Malayan jungles, would obviously be much less serious for us if a secure situation existed in the territories north of Malaya. But, apart from that, Malaya is a highly organised country with a standard of living well above that of some parts of Europe. To provide reasonable security for every road, every mine, and every rubber estate against an enemy whose tactics are the sudden jungle murder requires a wide and continuous network of security precautions. This, I believe, is the reason why much more effort is spent on security in Malaya than by the non-colonial governments of Burma or Indonesia. The Indonesian Government has let wide tracts of the country slip out of the control of their administration altogether. But, since the first week of the emergency, there has never been a single village in Malaya which the communists could claim as a liberated area, nor have roads ever been abandoned after nightfall to communist control. A country as economically advanced as Malaya demands that degree of security. The newer, less highly organised independent countries can get on without it.

I do not think you can answer the third question—is there a turning-point in Malaya?—without stopping to think in what direction Malaya is going. The planned future for that extraordinary peninsula is something which the world has never seen before. If it works it will pioneer a solution to the world's great single problem today—race relations—by producing the first stable multi-racial state. There are stable multi-national states already—Switzerland is one—but if Malaya is to thrive as an independent country it has to be on the basis of co-operation between three races, yellow, brown, and black, coming from different continents: as far as one can guess today, forty-nine per cent. Malays, thirty-four per cent. Chinese, and eleven per cent. Indians, with the usual sprinkling of others. This can only be done by the Malayan peoples themselves, but we can help, and so far the most obvious and encouraging feature in this hazardous process has been the friendliness and tolerance of one race for another.

If that is the road Malaya is trying to travel—and every responsible leader, Malay, Chinese, Indian, or British, agrees that it is—have the last two and a half years marked a turning-point in it? You might judge it from this—that, when General Templer arrived there, all eyes were fixed on the crisis in the shooting war; but when Sir Donald MacGillivray took over in June this year, he was immediately faced by a political crisis—now happily solved—arising from the proposed changes in the Constitution. In fact public attention was so much concentrated on this that it was difficult for my department to remind people of the still existing communist threat at all. That seems to me the real turning-point, that the communist threat to progress in Malaya has been foiled, the deadlock broken, and now everyone is thinking of the future. The country is on the move again towards its own new kind of democracy, and the communists have failed to stop that movement. It is by that achievement—the change in thinking—that General Templer's term of office will one day be judged in history.

A good deal of excessive praise and blame seems to me to be being bandied about already, but that happens inevitably to all great administrators—and without fussing about definitions or degrees of greatness, I am putting General Templer in this class. I am sure, for instance,

that he would indignantly refuse the title which an American magazine recently conferred on him—the Victor of Malaya. On the other hand, the blame is often equally ill-founded. It usually takes the form of shrugging the shoulders and saying that 'after all' he only put into action the plans of his predecessors—the Briggs plan for resettling squatters, for instance—and that he did so by introducing brutal and direct methods, such as collective punishment; or, as one Singapore newspaper described it, 'corporal punishment of entire villages'. To those who know him, the vision of the General descending like Dr. Keate of Eton with his birch rod on entire villages is unforgettable, but, apart from the misprint, this part of the picture is simply untrue. Corporate—that is collective—punishment was not, in fact, used any more in his time than it had been before, and long before he left the regulation permitting it was cancelled. What he did do, thanks to helicopters and light aircraft, was to visit more remote villages and Malay kampongs than any two of his predecessors had been able to: and he spoke his mind on these occasions very frankly—usually sympathetically, but it was the occasional slanging that hit the headlines.

No, the interesting point is not this sort of propaganda criticism, but the view that Templer made no real difference because he only implemented the plans of his predecessors. That seems to me to indicate a profound misconception of the whole Malayan problem. It has not been difficult to decide what needed to be done in Malaya recently; the difficulty has been in doing it; or, to be more precise, getting many very different other people to co-operate in doing it. It is true that, long before General Templer arrived, people knew that the 500,000 so-called squatters must be brought out of their scattered jungle huts and given settled villages, with some sort of social services, security of life, land tenure, and a stake in the country. The job was, in fact, well in hand already. For years people had said that citizenship must be extended to more of the Chinese and Indians, but with the consent, not the opposition, of the Malays. Ever since February 1950 it had been agreed that a system of democratic local government was needed. It had long been planned that an at least partially elected legislature should replace the High Commissioner's Legislative Council.

But time was running out. If there has been a turning-point—and I may as well confess now that I believe there has been—it is not because anybody thought up any fundamental changes in policy. It is because a new tempo was introduced into the administrative life of the country and the things which everyone knew needed doing were done, more quickly, more efficiently, and at the cost of less ill-feeling. To say that General Templer *only* implemented the plans of his predecessors is about as sensible as saying that Roger Bannister *only* ran a four-minute mile.

The problems of the future are likely to be of the same sort—the patient political process of getting things done, of persuading one powerful section of the community to give up just a little of what it regards as the ideal solution, in order that another may not feel deprived of too much of its ideal. It may seem a little slow sometimes, but, as General Templer himself said, it is more important that the Malayan people should go forward as much together as possible than that they should go forward as quickly as possible. Anyhow, by the new Constitutional proposals Malaya makes as big a step forward to a democratic parliament as was made by the Gold Coast; and the fact that, after much negotiation, they have been accepted by all major parties is a good omen for the future.

Consulting the Other Partner

One last point I would like to make, speaking here in Britain. Do not make the mistake of thinking that the Federation of Malaya is a British colony like Singapore, and that Mr. Lyttelton has been solely responsible for all that went on there. It is a protected Federation of Malay States ruled by sultans, and any change in the constitution has to be approved both by the British Government and the conference of these rulers. When, recently, the alliance of political leaders wrote to Mr. Lyttelton asking for a special commission to review the constitution, and he replied that he would have the suggestion referred to the conference of rulers, he was not turning it down, though some newspapers suggested he was. He was consulting the other partner in the firm, as he must.

It may be true that in the past colonial territories have won their freedom through a struggle with the colonial power, but that path, thank God, is a generation out of date. Today, the more closely together we move, the faster we shall move, and the fewer people will suffer in the process.—*Home Service*

Could the War of 1914-18 Have Been Averted?

A. J. P. TAYLOR sums up forty years afterwards

ON August 4, forty years ago, this country declared war on Germany. The European war had already started. Austria-Hungary declared war on Serbia on July 28. Germany declared war on Russia on August 1, and on France on August 3. The Austrians, late as usual, declared war on Russia only on August 6; Great Britain and France answered by declaring war on Austria-Hungary on August 12. This delay was significant. Though the Austrians had wanted a war against Serbia, a general European war was not part of their plan, and their empire became its principal victim. Their little Balkan war was swamped in a struggle of the European Great Powers; and there began a general upheaval in Europe which destroyed its stable civilisation—an upheaval which has lasted to the present day. The first world war caused vast destruction and the slaughter of more human beings than anything since the barbarian invasions. But its moral impact—the thing which made it difficult for men to think rationally about it—was that it came after a longer period of peace than any known in the recorded history of Europe.

Great Britain had not been involved in a general war since the battle of Waterloo in 1815. The last war between two European Powers had been the war between France and Germany which ended in 1871. There had been colonial wars; and there had been Balkan wars—the last in 1912 and 1913. But these had all been a long way from what was regarded as civilised Europe. Men went on talking about war; there were diplomatic crises; and every Great Power had vast armaments by the standards of the time. The British Navy had never been so powerful; and every continental country had millions of men trained to enter the field. All the same, the reality of war was remote from men's minds. Everyone assumed that the system, or lack of it, would go on working, as it had worked for so long. There would be alarms and even mobilisations; but somehow peace would come out of it. War, in the phrase of the time, was unthinkable.

So, when war came, everyone demanded an explanation; and the search for this has been going on ever since. Special institutes were set up for the study of war-origins; periodicals devoted solely to it were published. Every Great Power published thousands of diplomatic documents. A full bibliography, if one were ever made (none has ever been), of war-origins would run into thousands of volumes. We know

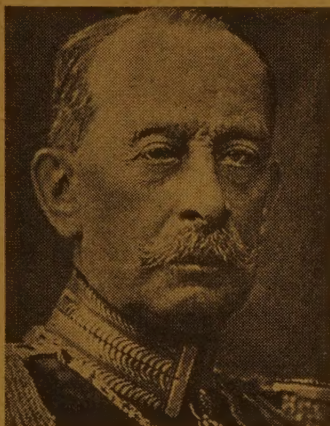
what happened between June 28 and August 4, 1914, in more detail than we know of any other five weeks in history. Indeed, if we cannot understand these events and agree about them, we shall never understand or agree about anything. The problem was not merely historical. It went on being of burning political importance. The victorious allies insisted on Germany's war-guilt. The Germans challenged this; and the evidence

which they produced shook many scholars, particularly in England and America. Germany, it was felt, had been harshly treated, hastily condemned; and these feelings made many people sympathise with German grievances even when they were voiced by Adolf Hitler. In fact the controversies over the origins of the first world war helped to bring about the second.

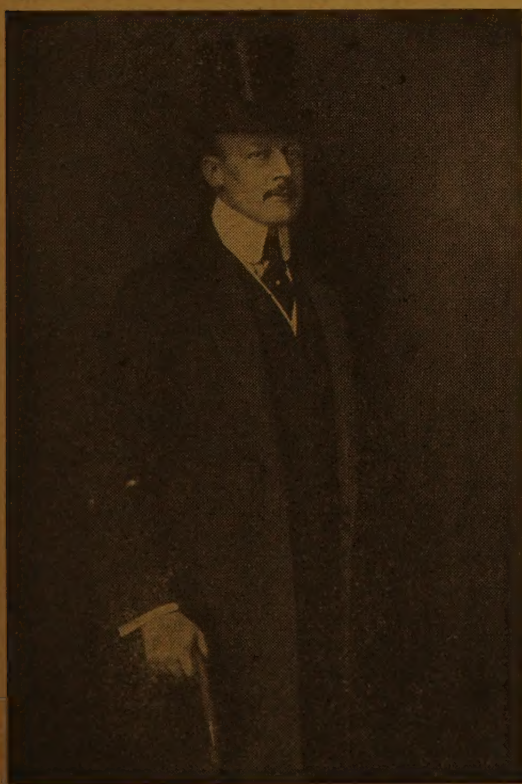
These controversies centred at first on the events which followed the murder of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria at Sarajevo on June 28. Soon men went much further back. The Germans blamed the Franco-Russian alliance which had been concluded in 1894; the French blamed the policy of Bismarck, although he left office in 1890. Others blamed things in general—the structure of alliances or the armaments of the Great Powers. Some blamed more specifically the armament manufacturers. Lenin and other marxists after him blamed capitalist imperialism. Psychologists blamed the pugnacity of human nature. The worst of such general theories is that they will explain almost anything. The very things that are blamed for the war of 1914—secret diplomacy, the balance of power, the great continental armies—also gave Europe a period

of unparalleled peace; and now we are often inclined to think that, if only we could get back to them, we should have peace again. If we are going to probe far back into history, it is no good asking, 'What factors caused the outbreak of war?' The question is rather, 'Why did the factors that had long preserved the peace of Europe fail to do so in 1914?' Perhaps then we should conclude that diplomacy was not secret enough; that the balance did not balance properly; that the expenditure on armaments was too small.

I would point to one factor which has not perhaps been sufficiently explored. Men's minds seem to have been on edge in the last two or three years before the war in a way they had not been before, as though they had become unconsciously weary of peace and security. You can see it in things remote from international politics—in the artistic movement called Futurism, in the militant suffragettes of this country, in the working class trend towards Syndicalism. Men wanted violence for its own sake; they welcomed war as a relief from materialism. European civilisation was, in fact, breaking down even before war destroyed it. All the same, we have tended to look too much for the deeper causes of war and neglected its immediate outbreak. Despite these deeper causes, individual men took the decisions and sent the declara-



Three men who made decisions which led to the war in 1914: Count von Schlieffen, who before his death in 1913 had been Chief of the German General Staff—



—Count Leopold Berchtold, Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary—



—and Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, German Imperial Chancellor

tions of war. You may say that they should not bear all the responsibility, but they had some. It is particularly fitting that we should look at the details of July 1914 today, just forty years after. And we have a new guide. A famous Italian publisher, Luigi Albertini, when Mussolini excluded him from politics, turned to the study of war-origins. For nearly twenty years he studied the documents and interviewed the surviving statesmen. Two massive volumes of his work have been translated into English; with a third to come. It is unlikely that we shall ever know more of the political and diplomatic events which preceded the war of 1914. We might learn something more from the military records, particularly in Germany and Austria-Hungary, but not, I think, much.

The Assassination at Sarajevo

Let me take the events as we know them. The starting point was the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo. Why was he there at all? As a gesture of defiance against Serb nationalism; as a demonstration that Bosnia, though inhabited by Serbs and Croats, was going to remain part of the Austrian empire. That explains, too, why Princip and his friends set out to assassinate the Archduke. They were Bosnian Serbs who wanted their national freedom; and far from being encouraged by Serbia, still less acting under Serb orders, their activities were most unwelcome to the Serb Government. Serbia was just recovering from the Balkan wars of the previous year; she had not absorbed her new lands; and war with Austria-Hungary was the very last thing that the Serb Government wanted. No one has ever managed to show that the Serb Government had any connection with the plot, though it may have had some vague knowledge. Indeed it was easy to guess that an Austrian Archduke would be shot at if he visited Sarajevo on June 28, Serbia's national day. One Serb knew all about it—Colonel Dimitrevic, or Apis, as he was called, the head of a secret national society. But though he approved the plans, he did not initiate them, or give much serious help. The plot was the work of six young high-minded national idealists. Two of them are still alive. One is a professor at Belgrade University; the other curator of the museum at Sarajevo.

The plans of such young men are not very skilful. In fact all six of them missed their mark. Princip, the strongest character among them, was standing disconsolately on the pavement about to go home, when an open car, with Franz Ferdinand in it, stopped right in front of him. The driver had taken a wrong turning and was now about to back. Princip stepped on to the running-board, killed Franz Ferdinand with one shot and, mistakenly, the Archduke's wife with the other—he had hoped to kill the governor of Bosnia. This was the crime of Sarajevo. The Austrian Government were not much concerned to punish it. They wanted to punish a different crime—the crime that Serbia committed by existing as a free national state. The Austrians wanted to prove that they were still a Great Power and somehow to destroy Serbia. They decided to go to war with Serbia, whatever her excuses and apologies. This was the first decision which brought about the world war. The man who made it was Count Berchtold, a frivolous aristocrat, but the Foreign Minister of Austria-Hungary.

He needed the approval of his German ally; and on July 5 he got it. William II, the German Emperor, agreed over the lunch table: Austria-Hungary, he said, must act against Serbia, even at the risk of war with Russia. Bethmann-Hollweg, the Chancellor, turned up during the afternoon: and he approved also. There was no formal council, no weighty consideration of the issues. Of course the Germans were bluffing. They thought that Russia would let Serbia be destroyed. But, if not, they were ready for war. The German army was at the height of its strength; the French army was being reorganised; the Russian army would not be properly equipped until 1917. The German line was: if there is to be war, better now than later. William II often talked violently, though he usually repented soon afterwards. The new factor was that Bethmann also supported a policy leading to war. Hence this worthy, pacific man must bear more responsibility than any other individual for what followed. He alone could have stopped the war; and instead he let it happen.

After July 5, nothing followed for nearly three weeks. The Austrians prepared an ultimatum to Serbia in their usual dilatory way. The other powers were helpless; they could do nothing until the Austrian demands were known. All sorts of wild guesses have been made about French and Russian activities. But there is not a scrap of evidence that Russia promised to support Serbia or that France promised to support Russia. In fact Serbia agreed to nearly all the Austrian demands. It

was no use. The Austrians broke off relations and on July 28 declared war. They did this deliberately, to make a peaceful outcome impossible. Now Russia had to do something. The Russians had no aggressive plans in Europe. In fact they had no interest in Europe except to be left alone. But they could not allow the Balkans, and so Constantinople and the Straits, to fall under the control of the central powers. If they did, their economic life, which in those days depended on the outer world, would be strangled—as indeed it was during the war. They tried to warn Austria-Hungary off Serbia. When that failed, they announced their mobilisation, first against Austria-Hungary alone, then on July 30 a general mobilisation. This was not an act of war—the Russian armies could not be ready for at least six weeks. It was a further gesture of diplomacy—a warning that Russia would not stand aside.

But it was also the last act of diplomacy. The German plans depended on getting in their blow first. If war came, whatever its cause, they must knock out France in the first six weeks and then turn with all their strength against Russia. The plan had been made by Schlieffen, who died in 1913. It made certain that any war in Europe must be a general war—it could not be localised; and it also made certain that, once Germany began to mobilise, war was inevitable. People everywhere had the habit of saying 'Mobilisation means war'. This was only true of Germany: other countries had mobilised in the past without war: the British navy in 1911, the Austro-Hungarian army in October 1913. And it was true of Germany only because Schlieffen had said it must be true. In this sense a dead man had the deepest responsibility of all for the European war. On July 31 Germany began to mobilise. With this step effective diplomacy ceased. The diplomatists, and even the kings and emperors, went on trying; but there was nothing they could do. Once the German armies mobilised, war had to be brought on, not averted; and the German diplomatists had to do what they were told by the German soldiers. They were not being consciously more wicked than other diplomatists; they had been told for years that only the Schlieffen plan could save Germany, and they believed what they were told.

Russia was asked to stop mobilising. When she refused, Germany declared war on her on August 1. France was asked to promise to stay neutral and to surrender her principal fortresses as security. The French evaded this demand; and on August 3 the Germans declared war on them also. It is often said that the alliances caused the war; but the alliances were not observed in 1914. Germany had promised to aid Austria-Hungary if she were attacked by Russia; but in fact Germany declared war on Russia without this happening. France had promised to aid Russia if she were attacked by Germany. But in fact the French were attacked by Germany before they had made a decision of any kind. No doubt they would have decided to aid Russia; and maybe Russia would have attacked Austria-Hungary. But in fact neither of these things happened. The German rulers launched a preventive war.

The Schlieffen Plan

As to Great Britain, the German generals never gave her a thought. She had no army on a continental scale; and they never considered the British Navy. The German armies had to go through Belgium as part of the Schlieffen plan in order to knock out France; and it was the German invasion of Belgium which brought Great Britain into the war. People then and since said that this was not the real reason—that we were pledged to France or that we had encouraged Russia. The fact remains that, but for the invasion of Belgium, British policy would have been much more confused and hesitant, the British people certainly not united. As it was, the British action was not much more than a moral gesture. Their army contributed little: it was the French, not the British, who won the battle of the Marne.

Could the war of 1914 have been averted? You can make all kinds of conditions: if Austria-Hungary had given her peoples more national freedom; if nationalism had never been thought of; if Germany had relied more on her economic, and less on her military power. But in the circumstances of 1914, Great Britain could have kept out of war only if she had been prepared to let Germany defeat France and Russia. France could have kept out of war only if she had surrendered her independence as a Great Power. Russia could have kept out of war only if she had been willing to be strangled at the Straits. In short, they could have avoided war only by agreeing that Germany should become the dominant power of the continent. None of these powers decided on war. The three men who made the decisions—even if they too were the victims of circumstances—were Berchtold, Bethmann-Hollweg, and the dead man Schlieffen.—*Third Programme*

Why There Is No Slump

By ANDREW SHONFIELD

DISCUSSING the dangers of even a small American business slump, somebody once said: 'When America sneezes, the rest of the world catches pneumonia'. Yet here we are, more than a year after America began to show the first signs of her economic malady: she has been sneezing vigorously and so far the rest of the world has not even contracted a polite cough.

The facts are that while there has been a drop of nearly ten per cent. in the industrial output in the United States, production in the main industrial countries elsewhere has gone on rising sharply and world trade has continued to increase. The chief exporting countries have been selling more goods than at the same time last year; even the United States has managed to maintain the level of her exports, while her imports have dropped by about a tenth under the influence of declining industrial demand. Nearly everywhere else countries have been importing more. The industrial boom in western Europe, which has proceeded independently of events in the United States, has created extra demands for raw materials, which appears largely to have offset the decline in American demand. The primary producing countries have not been forced to cut their own imports of manufactured goods, as it was feared they would, thus reducing the export earnings of the industrial countries of western Europe, who would then, in turn, have cut their own imports—and so on, in a rapidly descending spiral of increasing misery. In this case the spiral has been stopped dead after a single turn.

Behind the Statistics

The truth is that western Europe has proved, somewhat to its own surprise, to be a much more important independent force sustaining the world economy than most European economists expected. So much is clear from trade statistics. But what lies behind the statistics? In particular, there remains the puzzle why the recession in America has not resulted in a much bigger fall in world prices of goods that have run into surplus, associated with much more aggressive American selling in world export markets. In short, why have we not encountered any cut-throat competition from the United States? It has all been so orderly and gentlemanly, thus far.

Let me illustrate the general point I am trying to make in a more concrete fashion, by reference to three commodities—oil, wheat, and steel—all now in surplus. It would be hard to find three commodities which exercise more influence on our daily lives. Oil is the biggest single element in world trade: more of it than of anything else is shifted round the world in ships. Wheat is the second biggest item in world trade, and its price still exercises a decisive influence on the standard of living of much of the world's population. Steel is not, directly, as important in trade as the other two; indirectly, because it is the common basic material of nearly every single product of the engineering industries, it enters largely into world commerce, especially in capital goods.

Although all these items are effectively in surplus, the physical facts differ greatly in each case. Wheat is the only one of the three where you can, if you go to the right places, actually see extremely large surplus stocks on the ground. The total stocks of wheat held by the main exporting countries are, in fact, bigger now than they have ever been since records were kept—much bigger than, for instance, the largest total reached at any time during the slump of the early 'thirties, when some people were burning wheat for fuel. Looking at the bare statistics, one would have said that the situation at present was far worse than at any time during the great slump. Yet the world price has so far come down only moderately—by about one-fifth from the very highest price fixed by the International Wheat Agreement. Compare this with what happened after 1929, at the beginning of the slump, when, with a relatively small addition to world stocks which were much less than they are today, the price dropped by half.

It is true that the actual size of the surplus of wheat was not the only cause of the slump in wheat prices after 1929; all other prices were dropping, too, at that time. But why has there not been something

of the same general movement this time? Let us look next at the case of steel, where the discrepancy between the state of the market and the state of prices is most glaring. There is no vast accumulation of physical stocks of steel, as there is of wheat. The surplus, which incidentally is concentrated almost entirely in the United States, manifests itself in idle steel-making capacity. It is easier to get a section of a steelworks shut down before the unwanted steel comes rolling out than it is to stop hundreds of thousands of farmers from reaping their harvest. The upshot is that, in order not to add to the existing stocks of steel, the American industry has been running since the beginning of the year at anything from twenty-five to thirty per cent. below its rated capacity. In round terms this means that its steel output is at an annual rate of over 25,000,000 tons less than it can and did produce last year.

Here, then, is some measure of the potential steel surplus. Yet, in spite of all that, the latest move in American steel prices has been up—by a sizeable amount. There is every justification for the last price increase in terms of additional costs: the steel workers' union has just won a pay rise. But it seems odd, in view of the weakness of the steel market and the difficulties of the producers, that they are all so ready to pass the increase in costs on to the consumer in the form of higher steel prices.

It is odd in this sense: that it would not have happened at all if the American economy were really an ordinary free market, functioning in the way described by the classical economists. The characteristic of such a market is that it is made up of a large number of sellers, so that if demand for their products drops by any appreciable amount—certainly if it drops by anything like the twenty-five per cent. which the American steel industry has experienced—some of the individual sellers are threatened with complete extinction. They feel they must cut prices in order to survive. And they *will* cut prices in these conditions of free competition, even though the total demand for the product remains the same in spite of cheaper prices—which means that the industry as a whole is worse off, because it is getting a smaller return on the same quantity of sales. Such a price cut is, from the point of view of the producers as a whole, absolutely pointless. But that is how free competition works—at any rate in theory. None of the individual producers can afford to think of the interests of the group; his only concern is to protect his own slice of the market against his immediate competitor. In the end, what happens on a contracting market is that the less efficient firms go bankrupt, because the more efficient producers will be able to drive prices down below the level at which their competitors can cover their higher level of costs.

'Fantasy' in the Steel Industry

The reason why nothing like this has happened in the American steel industry is that the individual producing firms are much bigger than anything imagined by the classical economists in their model of a freely competitive market. Their dimensions still have, to a European, the air of fantasy. One of the American firms, Bethlehem Steel, produces as much as the whole of the British steel industry. But this is only the second biggest. The first, the United States Steel Corporation, produces as much as Germany, France, and Belgium combined. Firms of this size think in terms of the steel market as a whole: they will cut prices only if they think that total market demand will be increased by the offer of cheaper steel. They do not have to cut in order to survive; they will survive anyway.

In other words, you now have in American steel an industrial structure which makes for greater stability in prices than in the past. The same applies to a number of other industries, including oil, in which the giants predominate. This does not mean that there is necessarily any collusion among the individual firms. An American economist, Professor J. K. Galbraith, has shown, in a remarkable book* dealing with this subject, that what is required for this kind of price stability is the knowledge possessed by each of the giants that it cannot hope to

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* *American Capitalism: The Concept of Countervailing Power*, Hamish Hamilton, 15s.

The Listener

What They Are Saying

The second Soviet Note

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents

Two Great Englishmen

SOUTHEY'S famous poem and that of Addison give very different appreciations of the battle of Blenheim which was fought 250 years ago this week. We are reminded that historians, like poets, are not exact scientists. A chemist can analyse a fluid in a test tube without serious fear of contradiction, but the historian is unavoidably a moralist and colours any event with the attitude of mind of his own time. To the pacifist historian Blenheim is not a great victory but just another instance of the invincible stupidity of mankind; to the patriot it was a national triumph, exemplifying the way in which this little island has always battled with European tyrants; to the cynic it was merely a set-piece of the military art with no national significance, for did not Germans fight on both sides and was not Marlborough's colleague, Prince Eugène of Savoy, brought up in the Court of France? But for the accidents of fate Eugène might have commanded the French armies—and won the battle—and an Englishman, the Duke of Berwick, nephew of the Duke of Marlborough and a Marshal in French pay, might have fought alongside him. Such are the confusions of history.

But it is certainly hard to cast one's mind and imagination back into those past ages. Two hundred and fifty years ago Blenheim ended with bewigged generals on horseback bowing and scraping to each other; another 250 years takes us back to the Renaissance and the eve of the Wars of the Roses; another 250 years to the reign of King John and the struggle for Magna Carta. Each leap lands us in an England entirely unlike our own. To try to understand Blenheim in terms of modern analogy is certainly no simpler than to put the Wars of the Roses or Magna Carta into historical perspective. And yet one can say this much: it was not a medieval world. The War of the Spanish Succession was not a religious war. Was it a dynastic struggle—as the Wars of the Roses were also? Or an imperialistic affair, to employ a modern catch-phrase? Or can it be said that it was an early essay in balance-of-power politics? No historian would quarrel seriously with the last view, but, on the other hand, are not all politics power-politics? Maybe it is safer after all to take one's stand with Southey and say

But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out.

More interesting, perhaps, than the battle of Blenheim itself is the character of the victor. 'Those who paint them truest praise them most', wrote Addison. Yet the first Duke of Marlborough is more difficult to paint in words than on canvas: in most of his portraits he looks strong, young, and handsome. His father, Sir Winston, was a minor Royalist who obtained a small office for his loyalty. By this means his son and daughter entered the Court of Charles II. John Churchill became the lover of the King's mistress and his sister became the mistress of the King's brother. Thus their fortunes were made along the pattern of their times, but from these lucky beginnings emerged two fine generals, Marlborough and his sister's son, the Duke of Berwick. The nation rewarded Marlborough generously for his services including the gift of that fine baroque palace which remains today in the possession of his descendants. But the Marlborough family has seldom distinguished itself until the grandson of a Duke became Prime Minister fourteen years ago. The handsome page, courtier and adventurer in the Whitehall of Charles II lived to see at the age of sixty-three the defeat and humiliation of Louis XIV; his descendant (and biographer) when over seventy learned of the suicide of Hitler. If we may claim to have been a Great Power for 250 years we owe it in part to these two great Englishmen.

THE MAIN THEME in Soviet broadcasts last week was the antithesis between the Soviet proposals for collective security and the alleged U.S. policy of aggression and world domination. The second Soviet Note suggesting a preparatory meeting on European security within the next two months was preceded by numerous broadcasts on the alleged advantages of the Soviet proposals, which would 'create an atmosphere of co-operation between all countries, regardless of their social systems', in which 'a real possibility of a large reduction of armaments would emerge' and 'an understanding could be reached for the complete banning of . . . all weapons of mass destruction'.

Moscow broadcasts to west European countries emphasised that the Soviet proposals were in line with their national interests—in contrast to E.D.C. and plans for German rearmament. Communist commentators in the satellite countries also waxed enthusiastic over the Soviet proposals. The east German radio broadcast a seventy-minute speech by Herr Grotewohl, in which he said that the Government proposed that the People's Chamber should address two requests to the Bonn Bundestag:

(1) to issue a joint appeal to the four Great Powers for the resumption of the interrupted talks on Germany, with the participation on equal terms of representatives of both parts of Germany, and to urge them not to take any action to include one or both parts of Germany in any military groupings pending the conclusion of this conference.

(2) to address an appeal to the Government of the Federal Republic to appoint plenipotentiaries for talks with German Democratic Republic representatives at which a joint German platform can be laid down for the settlement of our vital issues within the framework of European security.

Describing the Geneva agreement as a victory for the Soviet collective security proposals, Herr Grotewohl proceeded to insist on the old Soviet proposals as regards Germany:

Free all-German elections can be held only after . . . the formation of an all-German Government . . . All German elections can only reflect the will of the German people if they follow the withdrawal of all occupation forces.

From west Germany, the *Koelnische Rundschau* was quoted as making the following comment on the speed with which the second Soviet Note followed upon the first:

The Soviets are getting impatient and impatience is a symptom rarely revealed in Soviet diplomacy. The present mood of impatience indicates that the Soviet diplomatic plan which was intended to catch Europe out has not borne fruit. Hence the suspicious haste to hold a four-power conference as soon as possible in order to create an atmosphere in Paris designed to unsettle the timetable of M. Mendès-France. The manoeuvre is transparently obvious to the French.

Newspaper comment quoted from France confirmed that the manoeuvre was seen to be obvious. Thus, *Figaro* spoke of a new effort on the Kremlin's part to influence the course of the coming French debate on E.D.C.

Broadcasts from Moscow and Peking continued to speak in the most virulent terms of U.S. 'aggressive' policy in Asia. According to a Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda*, 'talks between the U.S.A. and the Kuomintang clique in Formosa are proceeding at high speed' with a view to the conclusion of an agreement by September, as part of the plan to create a crescent-shaped aggressive bloc stretching from Turkey to Japan. Much was said about President Syngman Rhee's 'bloodthirsty statements' and 'mad utterances' in the U.S.A.

An example of abusive propaganda from Moscow last week was a broadcast review on the Soviet home service of a book by a Ukrainian writer entitled *In Satan's Service*, in which the Vatican, and in particular the Pope, was accused of connivance in schemes of world domination. Only a day or two before Odessa radio in Ukrainian had broadcast a long article inveighing against all religious beliefs. The usual claim was made that 'religious superstition stands in direct contradiction to science and represents a crooked and erroneous conception of life'. Arguments were used to show that religion was 'a weapon of capitalism': thus, nearly two-thirds of American farmers, the broadcast stated, had no idea what a tractor was and used antediluvian implements; only the 'great landowners' made use of 'agricultural technology', which in their hands became a weapon to increase the exploitation of hired labour.

Did You Hear That?

A THREAT TO NIAGARA FALLS

RECENTLY a huge mass of rock at Prospect Point on the American side of Niagara Falls crashed into the gorge below, reducing about 200 feet along the rim of the American falls to a little over half of the original height. For the people who saw it happen it was, as one newspaper said, a lesson in geology they will never forget. Our correspondent CHRISTOPHER SERPELL has since made further inquiries and he spoke from Washington in 'Rad'o Newsreel'.

'The cliff, or escarpment', he said, 'over which the water from the Great Lakes thunders at Niagara is composed of soft shale capped with a layer of harder Dolomitic stone. The backwash of the water in the gorge 170 feet below gnaws away at the shale. Left without support, the overlying, harder rock breaks off by its own weight, and thus it is that the gorge below the falls has slowly, through the centuries, been working its way backwards and gradually getting longer. Geologists reckon that at the present rate it will still take some thousands of years before the sixteen miles of rock between Lake Erie and Niagara Falls are all eaten away. But, logically, it can be forecast that the landscape will gradually change from the present gigantic cascade to an equally gigantic but perhaps less impressive rapid. Meanwhile, efforts are being made, and have been for some time, to try to preserve the present aspect of the falls. A special International Niagara Board, with American and Canadian members, issued a big report in 1930 on which a treaty between the two countries was partly based in 1950. To carry out the treaty American and Canadian engineers have begun what is known as the Niagara Remedial Works Project. Barriers, extending into the river from the Canadian shore, will be raised or lowered to increase or decrease the flow of water, and distribute it more evenly.

'Attempts will be made to fill up the gaps in the rim of the falls left by collapses of rock in recent years. These remedial measures will also permit the use of Niagara to generate electric power, and the whole project will cost \$17,500,000. *The New York Times* says that the task of preservation should have been undertaken at least twenty-five years ago, but was delayed by the fear of the Senate that the electric power companies would profit too greatly if the policy recommended in the 1930 report was fully carried out'.

IN AN ANCIENT TURKISH TOWN

Speaking of a journey in the Orient Express in a talk in the Home Service CLIFFORD HORNBY said: 'I met an American in the lavatory of the Emek Palas Hotel, Erzurum. He was in a bad temper, partly because the water was cut off and partly because he had not found Noah's Ark. There were several bad-tempered people in the hotel. Downstairs in the little lounge, where the electric light had not yet come on, was a plain-clothes policeman drinking coffee and fondling his feet. He had been detailed to keep an eye on the Americans who were looking for the Ark, and he had been walking and walking up and down Mount Ararat. Now I had arrived, and his job was to keep an eye on me. I was glad, for I liked him. He spoke no English but he had a sad and satirical glance and should have been able to speak good Cockney.

'I wanted to go and see the U.S.S.R. frontier, and so I had travelled east, intending to stay at Erzurum for a night and then go on to the border. But the Emek Palas Hotel, though it was very new, was built down in the local market. The situation was so diverting that I could not bring myself to move. This had clearly aroused grave suspicions in the plain-clothes man, and on the first night he had come up to my room and sat on a chair, regarding me silently for fifteen minutes. We smiled at one another, smoked cigarettes, and stared out of the window, past the domes and minarets, towards the distant mountains. At last he got up, bowed and went off, limping a little. I yawned, found a book, and got into bed awaiting that luxurious moment when the lines of print blur and the hand fumbles for the light switch.

'To sleep, perchance to dream. Not on your life! In the hubbub of Istanbul, I had not worried about one strange Turkish custom. The police, or night watchmen, carry whistles which, with curious logic they blow at intervals along their beats, the idea being that burglars and other nocturnal wrong-doers will know that officers of the law approach, and so will be frustrated. Erzurum is not so very big and is quiet at night. There were several whistlers and each had varying codes following the main theme or blast. I cursed them and pulled at the sheet to wrap it round my ears. They had thought of that one, too. The sheet was fixed with safety pins to the heavy kapok quilt. Then I laughed. It was easy to sleep after that. When I awoke the town was quite still, its night darkness now tinged with a blueness which increased in luminosity as my eye lifted towards the hills.

'Against the sky I could see the figure of the *muezzin* leaning over the town from the narrow, circular balcony. His voice was beautiful and the song had in it a sad fall. As his call ended I watched him move to the next point of the compass, and again the song fell clearly over the town. Light showed, squares of orange light in the baseless mass below me, the sky's blue brightened, the cold air and the light seeming to be one element, alive, pricking the skin vibrantly. The *muezzin's* song ended and I saw him kneel to pray; then from minarets away down to the plain rose the voices of other *muezzins*. The moon's brightness faded as breath dims silver. I could see the rutted street below my window.

'A solid-wheeled oxcart came down the road, the oxen swaying. Men came now to unlock the shutters of the stalls below me, they wore overcoats and woollen scarves and smoked cigarettes in cheap plastic holders. Down the street somebody started whistling the song 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes'. Unexpected in this ancient town. I began to feel hungry and went out into the corridor to find someone. The policeman was sitting in the lounge drinking coffee; he nodded affably and smiled'.

HOW TO GROW CARNATIONS

'Carnations will grow almost anywhere in England', said ROBERT ALLWOOD in 'Woman's Hour', 'except where the soil is acid or drainage very poor and, of course, both these conditions can be corrected. Carnations love lime and I recommend anyone who has a garden deficient of lime to add limestone chippings, crushed chalk, or some old mortar rubble.



Rock on the cliffside of Niagara Falls crashing into the gorge below on July 28

'If the drainage is bad this can nearly always be improved. Where I come from, the soil is very clayey and inclined to lie wet in the winter, so we always plant our carnations on slightly raised beds so that the excess water runs off to the side and the carnations do not get "wet feet". Another important point in heavy soils is to lighten it whenever possible. In my own garden I am making plenty of compost; but you will be surprised what good plants I am getting in a part of the garden where the builders have thrown up all the clay from the foundations of the house I have just had built.

'Carnations love a sunny position, their natural home is on mountain slopes where they get plenty of sun. Like most plants, they appreciate a little extra food, and farmyard manure or compost are hard to beat, though they should not be used as a mulch; but if the plants are already in the ground a balanced slow-acting fertiliser should be applied occasionally and you will see the difference in your plants, but as a general rule never use a quick-acting fertiliser such as you use on tomatoes, and so on, as the goodness from this usually does not last long enough.

'This is the time of year to think of layering your carnations. I find that a carnation that has been rooted from a layer is much better than that rooted from a cutting and is generally the healthier plant. An average gardener does not usually want to propagate every growth on the carnation plant but should choose two or three of the best and layer these down. Then the plant is not irreparably damaged and will continue to flower for several years. Layering is a fairly simple job, but I do not propose to go into details now; instructions on how to do it can be found in any good gardening book. Remember to carry out this operation when the first flower is fading, then the plant is in the right condition. After the layers have rooted they should be severed from the parent and left in position for a day or two before they are actually lifted and put into pots in a cold frame or planted into their flowering positions. If you do this they seem to stand the move better.

'I never recommend watering border carnations or, for that matter, any plant that is deep rooted, as I always think you can do more harm than good by doing so, unless, of course, the plant has just been planted and has not become established. I always think that watering tends to bring the roots to the surface and you can never, in an average-sided garden, keep things watered well enough'.

THE CHILDREN'S REVENGE

Speaking about painting in the open air in a Home Service talk ANTHONY ATKINSON said: 'I know that I hate to feel I am being watched when I work. I suddenly become aware of the feebleness of my efforts on the easel in front of me and in my embarrassment fumble my way from worse to worse. Sometimes the people who do stop and look when I am working will also pass a comment on my drawing or painting, and I have found, in the country especially, that I have often been given some very valuable advice and information about the things I have been drawing.

'The real core of the painter's audiences is usually made up of small children—children, you know, really are genuinely interested and extremely critical of any attempts at painting out of doors. Except for deep breathing down the back of my neck when they get a bit too close, and sometimes a crunch from a boiled sweet, the children are really very good, and I must admit that if I do happen to overhear a whispered word of praise on these occasions it gives me a secret wave of pride. Children can be quite ruthless critics! When I was working in London—there, incidentally, the children are much tougher to deal

with than in the country—there was one occasion when the audience began to get a bit too close for me to work. I was inexperienced at the time and I made a fatal mistake: I tried to be firm. The results were disastrous—the children from the youngest and smallest upwards simply formed a solid line in front of me, completely obscuring my view—and, after that, there was nothing I could do about it'.

BALLET DANCERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

The Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet has returned from a tour of South Africa that began in April. After seven weeks in Johannesburg the company danced in Durban and later in Cape Town. Some of the highlights of the tour were described in 'Radio Newsreel' by the Assistant Director of the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet, PEGGY VAN PRAAGH.

'South Africa', she said, 'gave us a tremendous welcome; in fact, several tremendous welcomes. On the docks at Cape Town there was a large banner, "Welcome to Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet". We were taken through the streets in decorated cars to a big restaurant in the city centre for a state welcome, which was broadcast. We were then taken to the City Hall for a cocktail party and a civic welcome by the Mayor. By evening we were in Johannesburg, and here there were floodlights on the aircraft as we landed, and another official welcome at the airport. Opening night in Johannesburg was most exciting. They had not had a professional ballet company there for eighteen years. We played for seven weeks there, so we got to know the people, and they got to know us, and we found them very generous and kind. For the whole of the seven weeks we played to almost capacity houses. Some people must have come to see us again and again.

'While we were there we put on a new ballet. Alfred Rodrigues, the Ballet Master from the Covent Garden Ballet Company, flew out to produce it for us. He is a South African; and there are several South African dancers in the company, Maryon Lane, a Johannesburg girl,

danced the principal role. The new ballet, called "Café des Sports", was a great success. The decor, by Jack Taylor, is a Mediterranean fishing village, and Antony Hopkins wrote the music. It is a very funny ballet. We shall be putting it on in London in September.

'After Johannesburg came Durban, for two weeks. The highlight in Durban, as far as the dancers were concerned, was the annual rickshaw parade. We were asked to help in the judging and we gave a special prize of our own to a fine looking Zulu wearing a magnificent feather headdress and a huge collar of coloured beads. It was midwinter in Durban, but we had a good deal of sunshine and quite a few of the dancers spent their morning on the beach sunbathing and swimming. In Cape Town we had a short season of three weeks, and the theatre, much bigger than those in Durban and Johannesburg, was almost full all the time'.

SHAGGY DOG STORY

'There is the story about the two race-horses in the stable before a big race', said MERVYN JONES in a Home Service talk. 'One of them says: "My owner has threatened to shoot me if I don't win. Be a sport and throw the race to me". The other horse answered: "I'm sorry, but a big race is a serious matter. I'm going all out to win". "Please, please", begged the first horse, "it doesn't matter to you, it's life or death to me". "No", the second horse insisted, "I've got my career to make". At this point the stable dog interrupted and called: "Go on, let him win". The two horses stared in amazement and exclaimed together: "Can you beat that—a talking dog!"'.



Scene from 'Café des Sports', performed by the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company in Johannesburg. It will be given for the first time in London on September 9

Reflections on the Hydrogen Bomb

By D. M. MacKINNON

WHEN we talk about the hydrogen bomb, we are talking about something we have chosen to develop and to use. We are talking about choices we have actually made; we are not talking about events in which we have become involved, which, like the Lisbon earthquake of the eighteenth century, have put a question-mark against our teleology, our sense of the ordering of natural processes towards discernible human good. We may say that we have chosen to develop such a weapon in order that we may *not* have to use it; and we may mean the paradox most seriously. But we are still talking about something which we have done; we are referring to human actions, and not to an impersonal fate.

Parliamentary Decisions

But who are 'we'? Not you and I; true, and the measure of even direct parliamentary control of such an enterprise is obviously limited. The 'we' is the peculiar 'we' of representative government in its modern form; it indicates the responsible men who know the facts, who are charged with the burden of executive decision, who are indeed responsible yet not easily called to answer in the ordinary routines of parliamentary democracy. Yet it remains hard to see how their decisions can be altogether disowned; for, they can claim, how can any, placed as they were placed, have acted otherwise? If there is here alienation of decisive responsibility, is not such alienation involved in the very nature of modern government?

So we are speaking of decisions actually taken, on our behalf rather than by ourselves, but still decisions. We are not reminded of a process of which we are spectators; but of a whole series of decisions, which as decisions need not have been taken, however severe their justification. I think that, at the outset, it is as important to remember these things as it is to be on guard against such specious slogans as 'Ban the Bomb', etc. If it remains obscure to whom precisely such invitations are addressed, we must not, by that obscurity, be betrayed into forgetting that the bomb has been developed by men who have chosen to develop it because the alternative of failing to do so seemed inadmissible. If we are prisoners, the cage is one of our own fashioning.

But, if it is a matter of our own choice, what is there here that particularly frightens us? What is it that makes us wish somehow to disavow responsibility, to treat ourselves as the prisoners of our own technical achievement and not its masters? I suppose, first of all, we are afraid of the scale on which we can now interfere not only with our neighbours but with our natural environment: perhaps almost more of the scale of the latter interference than of the former. This is perhaps paradoxical; but where the number of human beings destroyed by a particular weapon is concerned, we are prepared nowadays to add a nought or two without all that much thought.

Yet we do hesitate a little when we realise that we may be disturbing, by our action, extraordinarily complex ecological patterns, setting up chain reactions whose end is, in a literal sense, an everyday sense, unpredictable. We may say that we do not see how men placed as Truman was placed in 1950, could have taken any other decision than to give the green light to hydrogen-bomb development; we may say, further, that we are not prepared to insist, where the use of what has been developed is concerned, on a rigid control of executive decision by legislative assembly. Yet we are still aghast at what we have done and are about to do; still uncertain, because we have ventured, perhaps illegitimately, into the unknown. So we conceal the inwardness of our hesitation from ourselves by the devices of melodrama, and like to think of ourselves as sleep-walkers carrying on our progress over the cliff edge. Or we take refuge, as an English diocesan bishop the other day, in the language of apocalypse, suggesting that we may touch off the springs that usher upon mankind the *Dies Irae*.

We are afraid of the scale of our interference. Is this fear a piece of blind irrationalism? Or is it the expression of a true reverence? We must be on guard here, for no ethical slogan lends itself more easily to exploitation by the crank, or the servant of unreason, than the notion of the 'natural'. Yet we cannot be certain that we will in

the end be able to bounce all that we do. Butler, one of the greatest British moralists, brought out clearly that there was, at the heart of virtue, a certain reverent agnosticism, a certain refusal of brash self-confidence, of supposing that the world was our oyster, or the oyster of our generation. We were in a sense custodians of the future as well as trustees of the wisdom of the past.

All this is uncongenial to the assured utilitarian temper; but it must be insisted that it is also at a considerable remove from a melodramatic invocation of the 'tragic sense of life'. Such an invocation could serve, indeed has served well, the recruiting officers of the S.S. To say that we are, in some sense, not the masters of our fate but the servants of a natural law is not to imply that we are the slaves of destiny; rather it is to imply something very different, as Kant's doctrine of autonomy reminds us; it is simply to insist that we remember of what stuff we are made, what posture suits us 'as human beings under the sun'. If we put such questions to ourselves in the difficult context of a consideration of the ethics of modern war, we do so to protect ourselves against surrender to the impersonal, appealing to the form of a natural law against the blind idolatry of the present moment.

All this is obvious enough. But it is perhaps important to state clearly what it is in our moral traditions which is engaged by this problem of scale, and to recognise that it is just this vaguely admitted sense of a natural law. Professor A. P. d'Entrèves has clearly brought out both how precarious a thing this sense is, and how subtly different from the more canvassed conception of a natural right. But his proper caution has perhaps prevented him from recognising how in the hands of such an interpreter as Butler the notion of natural law becomes almost indistinguishable from that of a certain reverence for life, a kind of rational expression of the sense of something to be conserved, at once as elusive and as fundamental as that. When suddenly, dramatically, we are told that to speak in such terms is to fly in the face of reality, of practical necessity, we experience a kind of outrage, the experience being inseparable from a sudden drastic return to the idiom of natural law; a return in its way as unexpected and as searching as that sometimes provoked by, for instance, first-hand experience of the practice of abortion.

The 'Just War' Tradition

But is not this to stray beyond the terms of reference of this talk? Perhaps; yet it remains true that the sense of a natural limit was one of the factors that went to fashion the classical attitude to the problems of war expressed in the 'just war' tradition. It is true that this tradition of the 'just war' is today dead, at least inoperative. One may indeed smile at the tradition, at its attempted marriage of incommensurables, of order and violence, love and coercion. Yet it stood for something crucially important. It saw, or it embodied the insight, that government was necessary, that the work of government involved the forceful restraint of the wrongdoer, that this principle extended to the more precarious domain of international relations; and yet that just as government must be constitutionally subordinate to law, so, in the defence of right, there was always a *debitus modus*. This tradition was, in every sense, a protest against the idea of total war. It was the declaration that war was an instrument which sometimes must be used; but it expressed a refusal to accept war as a master, as a process which might take charge of its executants and subdue them, even as a totalitarian state its citizens, to its own dynamism.

To speak of the 'just war' tradition is to lay oneself open to the charge of being academic. Yet the more I ponder the issues of the morality of modern war, the more sure I am that it is partly because of the vacuum created by the disappearance of this tradition, tenuous as it always was, that we are in the predicament in which we find ourselves. To talk in such a way may run the risk of supposing that certain principles have, as a matter of history, counted for more than they actually have done. We are often made to realise that in government executive action has, and indeed must have, the last word rather than constitutional restraint. Yet in the complex discussion which

attended and followed the sittings of the International Military Tribunal at Nuremberg after the last war, it seemed clear that men and women at large still repudiated the idea that military necessity was a kind of moral sovereign, and were even prepared to insist that for certain sorts of action the defence of 'superior orders' was no valid plea.

Because we live in an age of extremes, we may run the risk of esteeming too lightly an effort, however, I repeat, practically ineffective it may have been, to avoid facing men with the appalling choice mentioned this past May by a distinguished Scottish divine in the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland—'either Belsen or Hiroshima': either acquiescence in the pitiless methods of the totalitarian state, or the acceptance of the means judged necessary by those with full knowledge of the facts for its restraint or containment. Yet it may be a comment on the state of our civilisation that we have allowed ordinary mortals to be faced with that sort of nightmarish choice.

A Choice of Evil

We may say, we do say, in certain moods, that tradition does not matter; that ancient restraints are simply barriers in the way of emancipation; that their authority is dubious, and that utility and human happiness are sufficient to yield us the material of an ethic. Yet it is perhaps a crucial question whether we see any end likely to be set to the sort of experimenting with our natural and human environments implied in the series—atom bomb, hydrogen bomb, cobalt bomb. Is it not perhaps possible that men are, in a profound sense, wrong if they suppose that they can do anything and bounce the consequences, that no holds are barred because none will in the end prove finally, irretrievably, destructive? Here at once we are told that we are caught; we *must* behave like fiends because the alternative is worse. The alternative is acquiescence in the sort of method perfected by the totalitarian state for destroying the individual person, whether the assault be made by way of pain, or persuasion, or both. All right; but then let us eschew the word 'must' in referring to a conscious and deliberate choice. For choice is one thing; it is another to describe our decisions as if they were responses elicited from us by some sovereign impersonal process which we see necessarily prescribing what we must do.

History, whatever we may mean by that word, is not sovereign over us; nor—dare I say it?—is technical advance, as such. The mere fact that we can do something does not mean that we must do it; although it may be that we should as the lesser of two evils. We may dislike intensely some of the styles favoured by the existentialists; but perhaps we do not realise how much these styles are provoked by the glib and loose way in which we too often speak of the historical process as if it were something which bore us on its course like a cataract, and by the fact that we are ourselves, more calmly perhaps but still without much question, prepared to accept the nightmare situation of extreme choice as the norm: 'Either Belsen or Hiroshima'. Still less can we quarrel with the extravagance of existentialist language if we favour ourselves a dubious idiom of apocalypse, suggesting that maybe the world will end with a bang, not with a whimper, and that it is our hand which will let off the fireworks.

We have calmly and quietly to ask ourselves how we have reached our present impasse. This is not irresponsibility, not a counsel of imprudence. It may be true that our political obligations today include a readiness to support the game of diplomatic poker whereby alone the cold war is kept cold, and not to do anything, by public indiscretion, which would suggest our unwillingness to endorse that development of atomic power without which a player in that game must leave the table. Yet there is a deeper question touching the context in which the poker-game itself is played. We need not see ourselves—pathetic fallacy—as saviours of civilisation to ask it: How have we got here? Have we made in the past choices that were fundamentally wrong? To say that we cannot undo the past is simply to assert an analytic truth. But one is not denying the consequences of one's definitions if one asks whether, at certain points, certain men made choices which were wrong. For instance, is it true that acceptance of the principle of total war, even when our opponents were men like the nazis, was acceptance of something which should not have been accepted? To raise these questions is not to encourage a mood of blind censure; it is rather for the sake of present decision that they are raised.

Or again: there may be certain methods of waging war, perhaps the practice of obliteration bombing, about which, at an earlier point, serious questions should have been asked. Certainly, let us never forget,

we did not allow the German soldier to plead defence of superior orders; we seemed to exact from him, on service in the field, a critical appraisal of the validity of what he was asked to do which we are slow ourselves to attempt more generally as civilians.

I say, more generally; and you may well ask what, in practice, does this come to? Does it come to more than a plea for serious thought on these problems? A little pathetic because, in the end, what difference can such make? At least, it is a barrier in the way of blind acquiescence, a defence in concrete of the principle of the open society against the bitch-goddess of historical necessity. By trying to look calmly at what we have done, and at what has been done in our name, we assert at least a little the sovereignty of principle over process, of law over blind will. Revolt is the name of an ethical category which needs exploration, and the ascetic theologian might also give it his attention. I have referred to the importance of tradition, of the place of tradition in ethics, and of the difficult question of its claim over against the more obvious claims of human happiness. The revolt I am now speaking of would not necessarily be a revolt against tradition; even in some small respects, at least, the reverse. For it might take in part the shape of insisting that we remember elements in the fabric of human life which we are all of us in danger of forgetting; for instance, the sort of elements which, as Butler saw, compelled that kind of agnosticism which is close kinsman to reverence and lies not far from the heart of true religion, and which touches the penumbral context of our whole existence.

Revolt is an important category; because elsewhere than in eastern Europe is the citadel of the individual person threatened, and not only in Warsaw and in Prague are men compelled to play 'Ketman', to say one thing and to intend another in their hearts. Total war (and its shadow is over more of our doings than we like to remember) tends to make such play-actors of us all. It helps to induce a mood, it may be of desperation, more likely of relatively light-hearted cynicism concerning human possibilities. It tends almost unnoticed to diminish the quizzical sense of untapped possibilities of experience, and subdues, with a spurious gravity, the richness of life.

But can revolt be other than irresponsible? And what is this revolt in terms of the individual? Is it, to come to brass tacks, conscientious objection? There the individual must choose for himself; it is the deep reality of the question that I would try to impress on my listeners. Modern methods of war are not a kind of sovereign source of moral principles; they are methods, not lords. It is possible that we have made them gods; and false gods never effectively command worship for long. There comes the moment when the idols are slain. In the end we query the insight of those who tell us that the bombing aeroplane has brought us its own morality; and we suspect of blasphemy those who suggest that unbridled technical development may be the occasion of the final Day of the Lord. We have to discuss, to face, these questions as questions of method, of means. If we have converted means into ends, and there are all sorts of ways of effecting that conversion, we must learn to effect a drastic reconversion.

Society and the Individual

Does this seem to ask too much of the individual citizen? Not, surely, in a general democracy, a society which tried to give constitutional expression to the asking of awkward questions; nor is it more than was asked of the German soldier who was expected to say 'No' in the extremity of the Russian front. To speak of repentance may seem without warrant to invoke a religious category; yet perhaps in our whole attitude towards these problems there is need for just that. Objectivity over these issues is hard; and for us today the memory of Munich is still too real and too sharp to let us discuss them without a proper fear of shame, what gives its partial validity to pacifism. Yet those who cannot be pacifists, in the sense, for instance, that Dick Sheppard was, must allow the heavy weight of prejudice that prevents a proper attention to the matter of alternative methods of resistance to evil, to those offered by atom bombs. At least war must be seen as a method, its status as such kept clearly before the mind and its problems seen as problems of means. We are not asked to worship; but we will perhaps be judged by the manner of our use of what we seek to employ.—*Third Programme*

Essex is the latest volume to be published in the Penguin 'Buildings of England' series, edited by Nikolaus Pevsner. It contains a general introduction to the architectural history of the county and sixty-four pages of illustrations. It is published at two prices: 5s. paper-covered, 8s. 6d. bound.

The Industrial Landscape

By J. D. CHAMBERS

UGLY as much of the industrial landscape may be, it has been the nursery of at least one great writer. D. H. Lawrence often protested against the ugliness of his native village; but it nurtured him all the same, because the colliery community in which he was born and bred still had its roots in the countryside. His village was a muddle of bricks and mortar, but it was not a prison. From the street in which he lived he could see the slope down towards the Nethermere of *Sons and Lovers*, and up the other side towards High Park Woods and the Annesley Hills; where Byron courted Mary Chaworth; and he had only to jump on his bicycle and in five minutes he would be flying through the pretty village of Moorgreen or down Greasley Hill, to lose himself in the unspoilt recesses of Willey Wood and Felley Mill. They inspired him as a youth and stayed in his memory through life. And he shows in his 'Essay on Nottingham and the Mining Countryside' that the miners of Eastwood could still nourish their hunger for beauty, of which they were starved in their homes, by roaming the fields and woods around.

I was reminded of this as I listened to Dr. Hoskins describing the stretch of landscape he could see from his window.* It was a pleasant piece of the Oxfordshire countryside, with something of every age in it from Saxon times down to the nineteenth century, but nothing, he was glad to say, that reminded him of the twentieth century except the unfortunate aeroplane in the sky about which he spoke so bitterly.

Most people would think he was lucky in not having to look on any of the marks left by the coming of the mine and the factory. We generally agree that they are not worth looking at: scenery must be rural or it is not scenery. And I know that the marks left by industry

on the landscape are often deplorable and sometimes horrible and revolting, like the monstrous ridges left by the iron industry which has scratched its nails across the Northamptonshire countryside and left it in hideous desolation. But where industry is part of the lives of the people; where the people themselves have made it and still live by it;



Colliery workers of the early nineteenth century: from a contemporary print

where you can trace it back to its early beginnings and see it growing from stage to stage, I think it has a story to tell not less interesting than the purely rural scene, and one that lends itself equally to historical analysis.

I remember some time ago coming across the deserted shaft and winding gear of an old colliery in the Midlands. The earth was gashed with rusty ironwork and disturbed by old slag heaps mercifully grown over with sorrel and willow-herb. I knew the firm that had sunk it; they were still going strong when the Coal Board took them over in 1947; but early in the nineteenth century they started up several little pits and among their contractors, or butties as they are still called, was my own great-grandfather. Possibly he had a hand in sinking this very pit. Near by was a row of grim-looking cottages where the workers lived. I could imagine them setting out before dawn to the little pit and struggling with the antiquated machinery; urging the horse or donkey round the drum which raised and lowered them in the same bucket that brought up the coal; beating out the foul gas with wet sacks, for there was no effective ventilation. And then they sank another and bigger pit, with better machinery and an up-and-down shaft for ventilation, and the little pit was deserted and the men went to the big pit where wages were higher and conditions better. There it was, still at work, an old and outdated pit now, with vast slag-heaps—or pit-hills as they are called in the Midlands—and a large, still pool which we used to call a whimsey when I went to school. Ugly it all was, certainly, if by ugly we mean the absence of country sights and sounds, but eloquent of a great historical change which can be set out stage by stage, if we know how.

The best clues that I know of to the anatomy of this kind of landscape are the large-scale maps which began to be made towards the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. They show the turnpike roads and canals and little mineral lines joining them up with the mines and quarries, the turnpikes driving straight across from coal and iron areas to the agricultural villages in the clays. The first turnpikes were evidently in a hurry, for they stopped when they came to the hard, dry subsoil of the Bunter sandstone, and took up their journey when they reached the clays again on the other side. And the little mineral railways, spidering



Glossop, Derbyshire: 'the landscape is a chaotic mixture of squalor and beauty woven from the intermingling of mechanical power and the age-long rural processes which are still going on at the back doors of the factories'

Aerofilms

out from the mines and quarries to the canals, look exactly like the small terminal bones of a skeleton branching out from a central column.

Here, indeed, is the basic pattern of the anatomy of the industrial countryside, and on it the flesh and blood of small industrial communities rapidly grew, until you had the untidy hotch-potch of industry and agriculture so typical of the marginal areas between town and country. An untidy hotch-potch it is as landscape, but it represents the point in the life story of industrial man when he could begin to put the burden of brute toil upon the iron back of the machine and for the first time in his long history think about straightening his own. We might think of this when we look on the unlovely marks of early extractive industry upon the landscape, or trace the half-hidden mineral line from an unused colliery or quarry down to a derelict canal; certainly these early machines broke the peace of the countryside with the din and dirt of industry, but they brought the beginning of relief to aching backs and broken bodies. It must have been some grateful collier or quarryman who celebrated the coming of metal rails in this crude but expressive stanza:

God bless the man wi' peace and plenty
That first invented metal plates,
Draw out his years to five times twenty
Then slide him through the Hievenly Gates;
For if the human frame to spare
Frae toil an' pain ayant conceivin'
Hey aught to do wi' gettin' there,
Aw think he mun gan straight to Hieven.

In this kind of landscape you can still find relics of all the stages of industrial growth from the water mill and horse gin to the latest rip-roaring surface mining by giant bulldozer; and, in between, the fields, and farms and patches of woodland and heath and hillsides of bracken, and amazingly quiet corners where bluebells and ladysmocks spread a carpet as they always used to do, and birds sing and great trees brood as they did in Robin Hood's time. I am thinking of the old water-mill centres like Cromford and Glossop, Pleasley Vale and Belper, or the Severn Valley from Coalbrookdale and Ironbridge and then on to Cinderford and the Forest of Dean, or such little industrial towns as Swadlincote and Gresley within a stone's throw of the undisturbed beauty of Repton and Bretby Park. Here the landscape is a chaotic mixture of squalor and beauty woven from the intermingling of mechanical power and the age-long rural processes which are still going on at the back doors of the factories and up to the skirts of the pit-hills. I know a farmhouse which was so undermined that the kitchen had to be shored up with pit-props, and the mother and daughter who lived in it would cheerfully show you the new cracks that had come in the night and gaily point out the hole which slyly opened under the feet of the Coal Board officials when they came to assess compensation for subsidence. But the farmer—a woman—and her daughter hated having to leave their ramshackle old farm with its magnificent view over the pit-scarred valley and go into a neat little bungalow which was safe but far less exciting.

Intermixture of Old and New

This intermixture of the old and the new—of traditional country life side by side with the successive stages of industrial growth—can best be seen, I always think, from the front seat of a double-decker bus. Take a ride from Eastwood along by Selston and Pye Bridge to Alfreton and Claycross and Chesterfield: not a joy-ride certainly—we are concerned here not with the conventional beauties of rural scenery but with the impact that has been made upon it by the coming of industry. There are innumerable pit chimneys, like black pencils making a smoky smudge across the sky, intricate spidery winding gear etched against the vast bulk of smouldering slag heaps; there are sudden stabs of flame from pulsating ironworks; and all around them the scrabble of working-class houses that grew up as the population responded to the call of industry in the vast workshop of the Midlands. But only in parts has the natural landscape been entirely subdued; for most of the way it is big and bold enough to hold its own and to contain the noisy, smoky monster which its natural resources and the energy of its people have called into being. It has been desecrated but not destroyed, and seen in its historical context as well as in the setting of its remaining natural beauty there is an sense of drama about it which is often lacking in the purely rural scene.

Take the case of Trowell, chosen by Mr. Morrison in 1951 as the Festival Village for the red-brick area of the Midlands. As you follow the old Nottingham-Ilkeston turnpike—immensely wide, as many of them were, in order to give alternative tracks for the coal carts—and

sweep round the bend of the Nottingham Canal built in the seventeenth-century to carry still more coal, you come face to face with the splendid thirteenth-century tower of Trowell Church. Six and a half centuries have gone by and it still stands physically and spiritually undaunted by the revolution that has swirled round it. From the churchyard you can count at least ten tall chimneys and see the outline of an ironworks awe-inspiring in its immensity and complexity, and by night a magnificent spectacle; but if you follow the road through the village you find rich farmlands falling down to the madly meandering Erewash valley and a beautiful herd of Friesian cows lying down in the lush grass, and only a few yards away a furiously busy railway and two immense slag-heaps rising to the sky.

An Unspoilt Midland Village

Then go on a couple of miles to Stanton-by-Dale and you will see a village that breathes the very air of giant industry and yet survives. It is as pleasant and unspoilt a Midland village—a genuine red-brick village—as you can find. It has defied the advance of industry; but over the hill from Ilkeston the houses are advancing in a pink flood and you realise that industry is not the only or the worst enemy of the landscape. And one stage further on is Dale Abbey, still within the orbit of the ironworks and actually owned by it, with its single arch of the thirteenth-century monastery and its incredible little church with medieval mural paintings and ancient box-pews. The hermit who is said to have founded it might return to his cave (which is still there) and perform his devotions under the shadow of Mother Church and remain as entirely oblivious of the march of industry over the hill as Dr. Hoskins was in his garden in the Cotswolds.

The historical anatomy of this tract of country would be well worth revealing if we had time. And it could be done with even greater precision than is possible for the rural landscape, since the documents which tell of these changes are constantly coming to light in the form of account books, ledgers, letters, and papers of the pioneers of industrial enterprises which have had a continuous history down to our own day.

Let me take an example which has only recently been discovered. Within a stone's throw of Derby on the banks of the Derwent, a factory was built in the last years of the eighteenth century by a firm of cotton spinners. It is still busy winding—though not spinning—cotton, and its early progress can be traced by the books and papers which were brought to light a few weeks ago. Here we have the industrialised village exactly as the Industrial Revolution left it before the advent of steam power, and as you look at the well-balanced front with its rows of factory windows and the lake which was made by damming the River Derwent to provide a head of water for the water-wheel, and the neat Georgian cottages built on three sides of a square for the workers, you realise that here was an example of the planned industrial unit of an eighteenth-century capitalist who aimed at playing the benevolent autocrat of the community he had created. The records are there in bricks and mortar as well as in account books and ledgers to tell his story.

Also on the Derwent is the village of Cromford, where Arkwright started spinning cotton by water power in 1771. His mill—the first power cotton mill in the world—is still there: a massive stone building with the outer walls looking blank and forbidding, rather like a fortress, so that it could be more easily defended against riotous workmen who feared the coming of machinery. A short distance away are the houses he built for his work people, substantial stone houses, usually of three storeys, still in good repair, and pleasing in their sober Georgian lines. At the time Cromford was built it must have been a model village.

Other examples of the Arkwright era will be found at Belper and Milford, where the mills and cottages of Jedediah Strutt are still playing their part after more than a century and a half of active life. At Cressbrook and Calver there are two handsome mills of somewhat later date, both set among magnificent Derbyshire scenery and still at work. One of them is thought worthy of being flood-lit, and an impressive picture it makes. At Bakewell the idyllic site of an early mill has been put to a new use by a later firm, but its power is still supplied by the immense iron water-wheel installed in the year of Queen Victoria's accession.

These examples show that the first effect of factory production was to stimulate good building from local materials and in the sound contemporary style; and where this has been halted, as at Cromford or Darley Dale or Bakewell or Cressbrook, the effect is entirely pleasing. But two influences made themselves felt in overwhelming strength, and the barriers to industrial squalor were broken down. First, the steam engine

came and sucked industry and labour to the towns, which rapidly obliterated the immediately adjacent country-side; second, the growth of population created a demand for houses on an entirely unprecedented scale, and building contractors provided them at unprecedented speed and at a price which the operatives could pay. Short of a planned building programme, the subsequent chaos was inevitable. So was the ugliness, for the building industry was manned by new men sprung from the ranks, without roots in the traditional standards which gave a dignity to most of the buildings erected under the eye of the eighteenth-century squire or industrialist.

A good example of the transition can be seen at Belper, where Jedediah Strutt left the mark of the eighteenth-century cotton lord on the landscape in the form of mills and cottages and chapels in sound Georgian style, as well as a record of humane and enlightened management in a revealing collection of letters and business accounts. But later building lacks the stamp of the man and the period, and Belper becomes a muddle of Victorian drabness and fussiness. Where there was no redeeming tradition of eighteenth-century building, the result of industrial growth could be dreary in the extreme. Eastwood, for instance, began to expand quickly in the early nineteenth century: little four-



Cressbrook Dale and mill, near Buxton: print of 1869 showing a 'handsome mill . . . set among magnificent Derbyshire scenery'. It is still at work

roomed houses 'plonked down', as Lawrence says, in two great hollow squares by the colliery company, and then more houses and shops straggling over the fields—'nasty, red-brick, flat-faced dwellings with dark slate roofs'. In imagination he could see the village that might have been shapely and fascinating like the lovely hill towns of Italy. 'Pull down my native village to the last brick', he says. 'Do away with it all. Plan a nucleus. Fix a focus. Put a tall column in the middle of the small market place; run three parts of a circle of arcade round it where people can stroll or sit and with handsome houses behind it; big substantial

houses, in apartments of five or six rooms . . . make a handsome gesture of radiation from the focus . . . like the little towns of Italy.

Why not? It would be a welcome change from the pink flood of municipal houses which is slowly inundating hill and dale, obliterating the skyline and doing far more damage to the landscape than factory or mine or even the rows of terrace houses of the nineteenth-century builder. But, as Lawrence says, the Englishman lacks the urban sense which continentals have inherited from the ancient city states; he must have his separate house and garden, and our planners meekly pander to him and perpetuate suburbia instead of building real towns.

—Third Programme

Monarchs of the Glen

COLIN McWILLIAM on eighteenth and nineteenth-century castles in Scotland

MOST of us have met at some time or other that venerable type of old soldier Lawrence Sterne portrays as 'my Uncle Toby' in *Tristram Shandy*. You remember how he came back from the wars, full of honourable wounds, to live at home on his family and on his rather elusive memories.

If Uncle Toby had been lucky enough to possess a private fortune he could have faded away in a much more convenient manner. Probably he would have built himself a castle, for residential castles were fashionable at that time. It would have been a faithful reproduction of the fortress of Namur, where on that fatal day a cannon ball, rebounding from the battlements, dealt him his unspeakable wound; it would have been a setting for his one anecdote. We can imagine an exasperated architect trying to reconcile Uncle Toby's ever-fluid recollections with his own notions of the picturesque, and a landscape gardener returning from Belgium with tastefully amended sketches of the country-side.

There were, in fact, any number of Uncle Tobys who were able to do this. The idea of a home built as a castle had never completely lapsed in Britain; there were still standing many examples of castles built originally for defensive purposes, but now used simply for living in. The artificial castle, which had its origin in the age of tournaments, came into its own as a residence in the latter part of the eighteenth century. The demand was not only from old soldiers; ancient families who wished a new seat to have a suitably dynastic appearance naturally preferred a castle to a Georgian mansion; and to men of letters a castle provided the best means of telling the world that they were in the current literary fashion. Fashion is indeed what it became.

By far the best known of the castle architects, as opposed to the old castle builders, was Robert Adam. Not so well known are the castles which he built, since these are mainly in Scotland and have been little

studied in comparison with his works in the south. When the Brothers Adam, those incredibly dandified tradesmen, came home to practise in their native land after their financial discomfiture at the Adelphi, it was obvious that neither Scotland's climate, nor her history, nor her character would allow them to import all the classical airs and graces of the south. Tradesmen nevertheless they were, and they were quick to see that the castle-style, which Robert had toyed with in his early drawings, and occasionally put into practice for one or two whimsical clients, was, in Scotland, their trump card.

In case mock castles seem to us a deplorable affectation, we should remember that the Uncle Tobys of Scotland had seen service not only abroad but on their own doorsteps, right up to and after the Act of Union. During the whole of this time there had been a continuous tradition of castle-building, which was only seriously broken about the middle of the eighteenth century by Sir William Bruce and William Adam, father of the Brothers Adam. William Adam's houses were in a rude but good-natured classical style, and, though they were far from austere, Scottish to the core. His son Robert may have blenched at the thought of carrying on this lusty family tradition. The classical work he did in Scotland is not generally impressive. Probably the material, which was invariably stone, demanding a four-square and solid treatment, detracted from that impression of surface-brilliance which in England gives to Adam's buildings their characteristic smartness and polish.

In contrast, look at an example of the kind of house with which Adam scored his greatest success in Scotland. Seton Castle can be seen from the train on the east-coast route to Edinburgh, about twenty minutes before you get in to Waverley. The first thing you notice about Seton is the stone; it is of a lovely honey-colour with a natural marking

or graining. The outside of the castle, which is given an intimate, interior atmosphere by means of an enclosed forecourt, begins by being a masterpiece in a miniature baroque style, though the ingredients are mostly of the toy-fort variety. Beyond this forecourt is the castle itself, a many-sided building with round towers at the corners, and in the centre the typically Scottish crowstepped gable, here used as a token of a pediment. The corner towers, though in themselves they convey a massiveness and roundness appropriate to the material, break the mass of the building in such a way that the total effect

completely lacks any impression of heaviness. The entrance (since castle builders were not yet pedantic enough to insist on a drawbridge) is through a broad front door bearing the signature by which the Age of Adam is commonly known, a leaded and white-painted fanlight.

Clearly Seton and Adam's many other castles are the result of a compromise. Their owners had all the fun of living in a castle without any of the hardships their ancestors had had to put up with, and which their descendants voluntarily saw fit to revive in the Scottish baronial style. From the point of view of design, the picturesqueness of the native style was successfully wedded to classical order and symmetry. The compromise is especially obvious if we go inside Culzean, Seton, or any other of Adam's castles, for the interiors are in what we recognise as the orthodox Adam manner. It may be thought that the clothing of a number of classical-revival rooms with a skin of another style is a vile contradiction, but this particular arrangement had one great advantage. The middle of the eighteenth century was a period in which the architect was finding it increasingly hard to reconcile the stern lines of a palladian elevation with the fashionable interior, which frequently consisted of a suite or succession of rooms of different shapes, heights, and sizes. The outside, in general, gave no clue to the inside. The results can be seen not only on the plan, which often has to be padded out at the corners, but even more seriously on the elevation, where we find false windows, windows with floors half-way up or walls half-way across them, and many other awkward incidents. On the other hand the castle style not only allows a much greater freedom in planning, but also expresses it on the outside. At Culzean, for example, the staircase which occupies the centre of the house is allowed to rise clear of the roof in the form of a battlemented tower. As it is no longer a sin to vary the height of the windows, the elevations, too, loosen up and become more expressive of the interior.

The occasion on which we would like to think that Adam took notice of some of the possibilities of the castle style is indicated by two sets of drawings in the Soane Museum; they are for Caldwell House in Lanarkshire, the first being for a classical house, the second for a castle, which was finally built. Also in the Soane there is a comparable set of drawings by James Playfair, one for Balcargine House, one for Balcargine Castle. James Playfair was the father of William, who is best known for his part in the transformation of Edinburgh into the Athens of the North. The importance of James Playfair's castles lies in his having popularised in Scotland, as Wyatt did in England, the Gothic style for interiors. His exteriors, compared with Adam's, are retrogressive. The front of Kinnaird, now altered, was simply a flat screen with rows of pointed windows, and a turret at each end. Indoors, however, Kinnaird boasted a considerable quantity of Gothic detail, mainly in the huge and splendid library.



'The picturesqueness of the native style successfully wedded to classical order and symmetry': two houses by Robert Adam: Seton Castle, East Lothian—

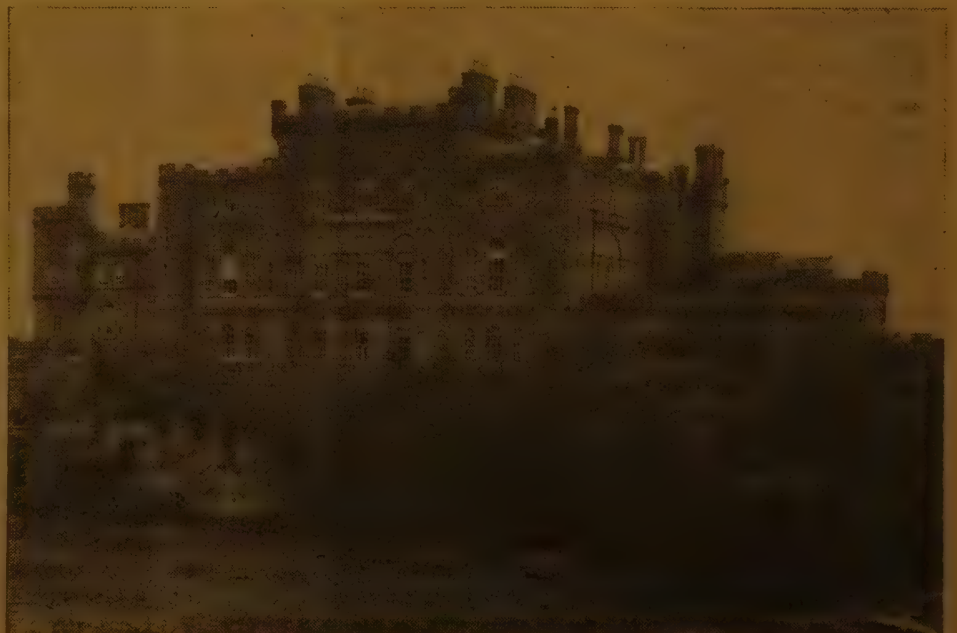
By courtesy of Sir Edward Stevenson

Playfair also introduced to Scotland the Egyptian style, but except for an occasional doorway and one or two lighthouses the pure Egyptian never became fashionable.

Of the real and unashamed eclectics who worked in Scotland the first was the egregious Robert Lugar. Early in his career, Lugar was made a Royal Academician for his diverse services to architecture, which include essays in the classic, Gothic, Moorish, Egyptian, and other styles. His Scottish work, however, was limited to a pair of castellated mansions in the neighbourhood of that popular resort of Glaswegians, Loch Lomond.

Standing on a hill above the loch, one of these, Tullichewan, has all the authenticity of a film-set. It is the nearest a house ever came to looking like a castle. It is not symmetrical: each rooky bower commands its own strategic view, and there are great square turrets with hardly a window, only a few arrow-slits. Over the front door there is an artificial portcullis. Entering cautiously beneath it, we come into a fantastic Gothic world: artificial gargoyles, plaster vaulting, with bosses and capitals like brussels-sprouts. It had been uninhabited since the war, and I should have spoken of Tullichewan in the past tense, because the final irony has befallen it; some weeks ago this massive cardboard castle, which had faced no attack for a century and a half, was reduced to rubble in two minutes by charges of explosive placed under the walls.

The castle style having now been pushed as far as contemporary ideas of comfort would allow it, there followed in Scotland, as in the rest of Britain, an interlude of Gothic. For the first few decades of the nineteenth century the Battle of the Styles was fought, with considerable politeness on both sides, by the Gothic, and the Grecian. They were neither of them 'architect's architecture', but writer's architecture and painter's architecture. But if anyone would deny that Regency buildings deserve the name of architecture at all, they should come to Scotland. If you have ever felt surfeited and dazed with the English Regency, or cannot offer the charitable eye of a John Piper to every unpainted façade in Bloomsbury or Cheltenham, then you should see Stracathro, by the



—and Culzean Castle, Ayrshire

By courtesy of the National Trust for Scotland

Aberdeen architect Archibald Simpson, or the Gothic Crawford Priory, by James Gillespie Graham. Both these architects, incidentally, practised equally well in the Grecian and Gothic styles, and they, perhaps more than anyone else, give Scottish Regency architecture its distinction.

If ever you have cause to visit Crawford Priory, do not be put off, as I was, by two distinctly Victorian spires which greet you over the trees as you draw into Springfield station. They were added, without interfering with the original work, in the 'seventies, one of them for no purpose in particular, and the other to fill rather a surprising omission on the part of the builder of a priory, namely a chapel. The original elevation, however, with all its charm, remains complete. The interior has a vaulted entrance hall, a banqueting hall with a ceiling borrowed from King's College Chapel, and state-rooms in which are hung Dufour's wallpaper panels of the love of Cupid and Psyche; yet the scale of the rooms is appreciably smaller than that of the average house in Edinburgh's Georgian town. This is the height of the feminine influence in architecture, where style and comfort go hand in hand.

On the social forces responsible for the revival of masculinity which quickly followed, I would not like to venture an opinion. In Scotland the chief dispenser of the new masculine style, called Scottish Baronial, was David Bryce, but its initiator was William Burn. Dour and prolific, Burn was born three years before the death of Robert Adam, and lived long enough to be one of the adjudicators in the famous dispute over the design for the Foreign Office in London. A square man by nature, squareness is the great characteristic of most of his 700-odd buildings. He started in the office of Sir Robert Smirke, a stern Grecian; one of his first essays in the Gothic was the disastrous squaring-up of St. Giles Cathedral in Edinburgh. For country houses he preferred a square Tudor, which he practised with extraordinary competence. Later he founded the baronial, and took it to England with him about the middle of the century. The origins of this style probably lie in the great demand for extensions to old Scottish castles and fortified houses which grew up during the 'thirties and 'forties and in the publication of many volumes of engravings of such buildings. Once more castle-conscious, the Scots employed Burn to turn their family fortresses into super-villas for the accommodation of their families, their servants, and their house parties.

No one could have done the job more conscientiously. As one might expect, he invariably dealt with the master of the house, writing him long letters in his own hand. The working drawings for his buildings have none of that quality of joy which we expect in any good drawing, but they leave absolutely nothing to the imagination, either the executant's or the client's. Looking at a Burn cornice, or foliated pinnacle, and then at the working drawing, you can see every stroke of Burn's steel pen reproduced with the workman's chisel on the hard stone. His buildings, founded on the system of square and cube, often simply fall down dead from dullness. His best, inevitably, are the clubs, one in London and one in Edinburgh, the strongholds of the mentality he understood and served so well.

With David Bryce, it was less a case of service than of exploitation. When Burn left for London in 1844, Bryce took over the office in Edinburgh, and the baronial came into its own. Like almost all Victorian buildings, these new castles have to be considered in their context, as the work of the architect and client, and the fruit of their joint personality. There is a bust of Bryce in Edinburgh, showing him a big, bull-necked man, a stubborn and bad-tempered Walter Scott. Where Burn's work had a tendency to excessive balance, Bryce's ran riot on an elephantine

scale, with entire walls left blank or relieved by a single window, giant lop-sided pepperpots, sudden areas of plate-glass broken by huge stone mullions. There is a natural temptation to compare his sadistic methods with those of Butterfield; but if Butterfield used a whip, Bryce used a bludgeon.

To impress the client, before work began, Bryce always produced an enormous perspective drawing. One of these measures some three feet by two and is of Blair Castle as Bryce wanted to make it. The building itself, of the type I have described, is done in iron-hand watercolour washes, the edges ruled in afterwards with an ink line. From the great tower, topping the distant summits of the Grampians, rolls the blue and yellow flag of the laird. He himself stands before the castle, turning away from his lady to give instructions to a ghillie. The arrival of a house-party surprises the laird's daughters, who, in their long petticoats, are playing with a dog.

This is one of the most revealing documents in the history of the baronial style. The mode of life here portrayed in all its glory was lived in deadly earnest by our Scottish great-grandfathers; and similarly the houses that provided the setting for these goings-on were designed and built in perfect seriousness and perfect self-confidence. There is no doubt that the predominant impression of extravagance and ugliness was

intentional; the customer naturally wished, from his unlimited resources, to spend as much money as possible; yet his horror of feminine good taste obliged him to demand strong, discordant decoration. Each room is either perfectly plain, if possible the naked stone itself, or else crammed with ornament from floor to ceiling. For this Bryce chose the seventeenth-century Scots style for plasterwork, and for wood or stone work the Jacobean. The dead hulks of these



Crawford Priory, Fife, by James Gillespie Graham

By courtesy of Lord Cochrane of Cults

houses stand all over the land. Many a baronial castle such as I have described is today inhabited solely by the family, two dogs, a house-keeper, and a deep-freeze machine. Thanks to the excellence of Victorian craftsmanship, time and weather work no changes on these buildings, which ironically, will still look as grimly fresh when they are sold up, as they did on the day they were finished. Failing the appearance of a transatlantic laird, or the remote possibility of a Victorian social revival, the baronial country house in its Victorian guise is doomed to extinction.

The houses of Adam, Playfair, and the Regency gothicists will, we trust, be luckier. After the great and historic country houses, whose future is moderately assured, anyone who has the weighty job of planning for preservation on a national scale and a limited budget should, I feel, have two main standards in mind. First, nationality; the quality which distinguishes the building of one nation from that of another. Second, and perhaps more important, personality; the character of the builder of the house, and of the architects and craftsmen he employed, expressing themselves in the language of their time. And, in point of character, the men who built Scotland's castles certainly deserve respect.

—Third Programme

Among recent publications are: *Legal Controls of International Conflict: a Treatise on the Dynamics of Disputes- and War-Law*, by Julius Stone (Stevens, £4 4s.); *Diplomatic Archive of Chios 1577-1841*, by Philip P. Argenti (Cambridge, 2 vols., £10 10s. the set); *Music Publishing in the British Isles, from the Earliest Times to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century*, by Charles Humphries and William C. Smith (Cassell, £3 3s.); *Northern Indian Music*, by Alain Danielou (Halcyon Press, 2 vols., 25s. and 30s. each); *Kobbé's Complete Opera Book*, edited and revised by the Earl of Harewood (Putnam, 45s.).

NEWS DIARY

August 4-10

Wednesday, August 4

Russian Government sends second Note to Western Powers about conference on European security

Strike of public services in Hamburg stops all municipal transport

Polish Embassy in London publishes Note protesting against release of stowaway on Polish ship

Thursday, August 5

Persian Government and eight oil companies announce details of agreement to produce and sell Persian oil

Home Office denies Polish allegations against police who removed Polish stowaway

Australia promises full military support to proposed South-east Asian Defence Organisation

Friday, August 6

Foreign Office publishes statement about tension in the Portuguese territories in India

Three railway unions reject proposal by British Transport Commission for a new wages scheme

Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, broadcasts on Dr. John, the west German Security Chief who disappeared into eastern Germany

Saturday, August 7

Nine persons are killed and thirty-two injured when crowds in French Morocco demonstrate in favour of exiled Sultan

Moderate Nationalist leader succeeds in forming government in Tunisia

Foreign Ministers of Yugoslavia, Greece, and Turkey approve text of military alliance at Bled

Sunday, August 8

Nearly 2,000,000 German workers demand higher pay and a wave of strikes is threatened

India asks for British protection of Indian interests in Portuguese East and West Africa. It is reported that in Goa precautions are being taken against invasion

A week-end strike of dockers interferes with the handling of baggage at Southampton

Monday, August 9

Twenty-year Balkan alliance signed at Bled

A Portuguese Note to India proposes sending international observers to Portuguese territories

Big engineering strike begins in Bavaria

Tuesday, August 10

India accepts Portuguese proposal for impartial observers in Portuguese territories in India

M. Mendès-France obtains vote of confidence from French National Assembly

Mr. Attlee and Labour Party delegation arrive in Moscow on way to China



M. Tahar Ben Amar, the Tunisian Prime Minister (left), who was asked by the Bey last week to form a new government, leaving the royal palace in Tunis on August 3 after submitting a list of ministers. The new government includes four French officials who will retain their posts until home rule comes into force



Antoni Klimowicz, the Polish stowaway who on August 1 was rescued by the British police from the ship *Jarosław Dabrowski* when it moored in the Thames, describing his escape from Poland at a press conference in London last Sunday



Citizens of Hamburg besieging one of the city's suburban railway stations—the only form of public transport still running during the strike of public service workers which began last week. By the week-end a wave of other strikes was threatening the German Federal Republic



Roger Bannister of Great Britain winning the mile in the Empire Games at Vancouver on August 7. Behind is J. Landy of Australia whom he overtook in the last 100 yards. Bannister's time of 3 minutes 58.8 seconds was a new record for the Games

Right: 'Reginald', the twelve-week-old baby hippopotamus at Whipsnade Zoo, has his first swimming lesson interrupted while his mother has her meal



A photograph received this week of demonstrators assembling outside the Government Secretariat building in Panjim, Goa (a Portuguese possession in India), on July 28, to protest against the invasion of Portuguese territory by 'nationalist volunteers' from India



Wingham, Kent, on August 4 when a warm day brought hopes of the start of a belated summer. The surface of Birdcage Walk, London, last week, in wintry weather with heavy rainstorms descended to most of the country



President O'Kelly of Eire presenting the Aga Khan Cup for jumping to Lieutenant-Colonel D. N. Stewart, captain of the English team, at the Dublin Horse Show on August 6. England has won this contest four years running



On Being a Provincial

By NORMAN NICHOLSON

IF you want to annoy a man who comes from the provinces, call him a provincial. For the word, used in this sense, implies the smug, the narrow, the short-sighted; implies a mere second-hand, second-rate, out-of-date existence, a bad copy of the life of the capital. Yet why should the provinces be only a bad copy? Why should they be any sort of copy? Instead of traipsing behind the lead of others, why not stick to their own individual track? For that is the way they can evolve their own culture and contribute to the culture of the nation.

By culture I do not mean that top-dusting of manners and refinement which sometimes gets the name. Nor do I mean merely the intellectual and artistic pursuits. I mean instead something of what T. S. Eliot calls 'the whole way of life of a people, from birth to the grave, from morning to night and even in sleep'. I mean all the activities which go to make up that way of life—a way which will differ from place to place, just as climate and vegetation differ. In my own home, for instance, a small town in Cumberland, these activities would include brass bands and knock-out cricket matches; 'Messiah' at Christmas and 'Merrie England' at midsummer; children's parties in the St. George's Hall and the old-age pensioners' annual concert in the Baptist Sunday School; working men's clubs, the Grammar School speech day, the pleasure of climbing mountains, the poetry of Wordsworth—oh, and hundreds of things I cannot think of and hundreds more I do not even know of. All these belong to the culture of a people, and together they make a particular pattern, peculiar to that one place and nowhere else. The trouble is that this particular pattern, this culture, is so bound to the one place that it cannot travel. It is rooted, like a great tree, in the soil of its own locality. So that if it is to contribute, as I have said, to the culture of the nation, it must find some way to communicate with the world outside. And one of the best ways is by means of literature and art.

Part of the Community

By a provincial I do not mean someone who merely happens to live in the provinces—I mean someone who lives in the place where he was born; the place where his parents live, and his friends and relatives. Someone who has shared from childhood the culture of his native region—the way of life, the pattern of activities. Or, maybe, someone who, though he was not born in the place, came to it and was accepted by it, became grafted on to the main stem like a prize rose bloom on a briar; became, in fact, part of the community.

In the metropolis, it is not easy to become part of the community. For instead of a community we find an enormous heterogeneous collection of people gathered from all corners of the country and deposited like silt at the delta of a great river. In the metropolis, the artist, the writer, cannot hope to be grafted on to the main stem because there is no main stem. So he feels isolated; he feels set apart from the rest of mankind. He is regarded as an oddity: he is made to feel the white blackbird, the albino of the tribe. The provincial artist, on the other hand, is not allowed to feel isolated, even if he wants to. His fellow townspeople know him too well. They know his family; they know where he was brought up. However odd may seem his vocation or his beliefs or his behaviour, yet he is still one of them. He himself may resent this; he may try to deny it. He may claim the artist's romantic freedom from all social ties and obligations and chuck himself from the church steeple to prove his point—but the neighbours will come to his funeral just the same.

For these people have been fed and watered by the same sun and wind and weather. Certain sights and sounds are familiar to all of them. They have all felt the same excitement queueing for the children's matinee outside the same cinema; they have all run over the railway bridge, hearts backfiring like motor-bikes, fearing they would miss the same train. They have known the tension that comes upon a community at a time of local anxiety: the day the tide broke through the sea-wall; the day the viaduct was found unsafe; the week when roads and railway were blocked with snow and not a soul could enter or leave the town for six days.

When a generation has been reared in a closed environment such as this, then it matters very little that one man when he grows up should turn left and another right; that one should choose Bach and another billiards. For, in spite of inconsistencies of taste and temperament and opinion, they are all stirred by the same images. The town clock strikes in the hearing of each one of them with the significance it always had: nine o'clock and you are late for school; four o'clock and you want your tea; half-past eight and it is time to go to bed.

Bred-in-the-bone Companionship

Moreover, the sympathy, the understanding, which results from this experience of a shared environment is something for which some men, and particularly some artists, feel a deep and urgent need. I think D. H. Lawrence was an artist of this kind. He was born in a colliery village in the Midlands—yet he went wandering all over the world searching for the country in which he could feel at home. In the course of those wanderings, of that 'savage pilgrimage', he found friends, admirers, and disciples. But all the time his mind kept turning back to Derbyshire. All the time he longed for the rough, warm friendliness he had known as a boy with the miners at the pits and the farmers in the fields. Very few of those Derbyshire colliery folk ever read his work; very few would have approved if they had. Yet from them, and from them alone, could he have received that unself-conscious, intuitive, bred-in-the-bone companionship that he wanted so much.

Many provincial writers seem to have had this preoccupation with the place where they grew up—Lawrence and George Eliot in the Midlands, Wordsworth in the Lakes, Thomas Hardy in Dorset, Arnold Bennett in the Five Towns. Some of them, such as Lawrence and Bennett, left their native district. It seemed necessary to detach themselves, to stand a little way off, perhaps in order to see their childhood in perspective, perhaps in order to keep the view of it unchanged unspoiled, undisturbed.

However, it is not with the provincial who leaves home that I am concerned but with the one who stays. For him the view of childhood does not remain unchanged. It changes as he changes; it grows as he grows. For him, the once-familiar scenes are not hidden away, like a photograph in an album. They are all about him every day of his life. He walks through streets which at one and the same time belong both to the world of the child and the world of the adult. He moves through a landscape charged with memories—not only his own memories, but those of his fellows, those of the people round him. The material which he uses, the basic imagery and background of his work, is such that they would recognise, such that in their own way they would find exciting and significant and relevant to their lives. The subjects he describes, the scenes, the symbols which appear in his work, have all gone in and out of the minds of his fellows like air in and out of their lungs, taking a new meaning from their thoughts, taking a new vitality from their energies.

Preoccupation with What Is Local

I do not pretend that it is from this sort of provincial background that we shall get our major works of art. Civilisation is becoming more and more centred on the metropolis and I think we may expect that literature and art will continue to be mainly metropolitan. But let us not forget that the vast majority of mankind does not belong to a metropolis—either in England or in any other part of the world. The vast majority of mankind is provincial. It always has been provincial throughout the ages. And this preoccupation with what is local, this sense of belonging to a small, separate, ingrown, almost hermetically sealed community, has always been the experience of the vast majority. So that it is precisely here, in our intense concern with what is close to us, that we most resemble the people of other countries and other times. It is precisely here, rather than in any vague internationalism of outlook, that we can most readily sympathise with the rest of the world.

Let me give you a geometrical illustration. Imagine two people at two different points on the surface of a huge globe, a globe as big as the moon, and think of all the enormous area over which they can wander and yet never find one another. Yet if each of them were to drive a shaft perpendicularly beneath his feet, then, no matter where the two started, they would meet at a common centre. That common centre, in the earthly life of all people and all nations, is home. And when I read those European writers who, in their own countries, might be called provincial—say, Ignazio Silone, telling of peasants of the Italian hills, or François Mauriac of wealthy landowners of the pine forests behind Bordeaux—then, often, I feel they are describing a habit and mode of existence that is familiar to me. That, in spite of immense differences of circumstance, here is an attitude, a way of looking at life, very like that which I find in my own small part of Cumberland.

So I would claim that the main contribution which the provinces can make to the culture of the nation is to remind us of the importance of that which is common to the lives of all of us, that which is ordinary and local; to remind us of the permanence of the commonplace. I have chosen those words very carefully. I am aware of the dangers that lie behind them—dangers of parochialism, of narrowness, self-centredness, and self-satisfaction. Yet the provincial, just because he is

rather behind the times, just because he is not so easily tumbled over by the latest earthquake in human opinion, may be all the more aware of that which is enduring in life and society. I agree that it is the special function of much contemporary literature to interpret our own age, to catch the colouring, the flavour, the timbre, which belongs to our time. But I think it is the special function of the provincial to do absolutely the opposite—to remind us of that which is timeless; to remind us, in a changing world, of that which does not change or changes only very slowly.

For the fundamental needs of life are not peculiar to the twentieth century. The problems of the relationship of man to man and of man to woman and of race to race—these remain constant or at least recurrent. They change only in appearance; only in form. It may be, then, that the provincial, living closer to the unchanging world of nature, has a better chance to see these problems in their simplest terms, to reduce them to their first principles. And when you do reduce them to their first principles, there is nothing much to choose between life in London or in Land's End, in Westminster or in Wigan. For in the geography of the timeless world, the world that does *not* change, all these places are equidistant from their true capital, and even the metropolis is no more than one of heaven's provincial towns.

—Home Service

Three Poems

Bread and Butter Letter

Bread is the fields of wheat
Where partridges creaked in flight,
Faint hum of day-time tractor,
The fidgeted drum of night;
Butter the mushroomed pastures,
Meadow and muddy patch,
Marched where the clumps and the mounds are,
Sodden in hollow and ditch.

And water: the shallow river
With willow, lily and rush,
Then the sudden pool, no wider,
Though deep as diver could wish.

These are not you—nor yours
To keep or to give away:
This barn you did not build
Nor saved the roof from decay;
Yet its ruin's pattern grew fertile
When the skeleton pierced your gaze
To be more than thatched in thought—
To leap alive from your eyes.

As from ridge and furrow we gather
The spirit behind the face
And lovers even must look for
Their love's true dwelling-place,
Praising the site of your tenure
I praise both mind and thing:
Their marriage, from which all beauty
And all creation spring.

May garden, orchard and meadow,
Cornfield, river and pool
Nourish your art and prove
As ever bountiful,
Lest the abstract cities wither
That primal intergrowth
Of outward form and inward,
Levelling all into death.

May your bread be fields of wheat
And the dual pastures requite
With dual blessings your labour,
No daemon darken your site.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER

Hunting Song

Sleek pleasant deer pacing these hills,
But out of my sight, danger fills
Your nostrils; leave then that lithe land.
Come: there is hiding in my hand.

Gentle deer under the branches,
There thirsting where terror watches,
Come: I will show you safe water,
And calm your caution and hunger.

Here I walk in the tender day.
Here softly I walk, and say
Ho, from the cruel thickets, brown
Darling, from the steep rocks come down.

That bird I am who cries warning,
Am the sweet centre of morning.
Come, wade in my water meadow.
No sound will startle your shadow.

Come from woods that deafen with bees.
Come: downwind deeper music is.
Your prints I am and where you flee,
The despair that drives you to me.

Am the cricket singing safety,
In my hands your passion carry.
I am the path you have taken.
Come at last into the open.

Your breath I am that bears you home,
And your four feet. Soft quarry, come,
Who are my love all your life long.
Come pleasant deer who are my song.

W. S. MERWIN

The Aged Hedonist

Nightly I lie and hear the minor sighs
Of fortunate them who wander through light
dream;

So easily they sleep and when they rise
They eat the delicious morning like ice-cream.

Cool and deep in the sky's blue laundry
Three floating sheets of cloud are curled;
Below, the pathways and the city streets are gay
With ten thousand busy wanderers of the world.

And morning once invited each glad finger
Of this, my sensual hand, to seek delights;
Warned me that I could not longer linger
Than was granted by Time's statutory rights.

But I was bold, or foolish: the bell's clean
flight

Over the vivid city hung leisurely as bird;
In the green pastoral of lust the white
Muscular stallions reared.

And I remained, not forward venturing
To what harsh revelation of vast plain
Of sullen labour and no time for singing
I could only distantly divine.

I stayed. And now it is too late to leave
On that lean journey that the young men face:
The flock of bells migrates, the fields deceive
With mocking offer of a real embrace.

Daily I walk and, tiring, lean on hope:
Victim of the years' sly ambush, fall
Exhausted on the glutted earth and grope
With withered hand toward the light. I crawl

But inches only, fail and lie unseen,
Not meriting the wandering dogs' attention,
Razored by the noon's metallic sheen:
And no Samaritan will walk in this direction.

VERNON SCANNELL

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

By Man Came Death

Sir,—I agree with the terminating lines of Sir Llewellyn Woodward's talk on the hydrogen bomb, in THE LISTENER of August 5, where he says: 'Progress does not mean, and never has meant, increased safety: it has always been bought at the price of greater risk'.

But what is wrong with putting the statement in usable form? And Sir Llewellyn does not. So that Sir Llewellyn himself becomes one with all the other baffling problems of this present time. The usable form is the form which allows us to see in it 'where we go from here', instead of subtly inhibiting us from doing that, and causing an intuitive restlessness that is hard to pin down. The unevanescent, surface-penetrating form of it would be: 'All progress can now be seen to have been nothing, in itself, but magnification and increase, in complexity, of the problem of Good and Evil'.

Looking back through the talks, with this clue to a feeling of being a drowning man offered not straws but a whole haystack, I begin to see that Sir Llewellyn is not concerned one bit with good and evil, but with expediency. Thus, all his pronouns, throughout, are ambiguous. When he says 'we', it is impossible to be certain whether he means 'we as individuals' or whether he means 'we' as personified beyond consideration of good and evil, in 'our' nation-states or power blocs.

We (as individuals) are living in a re-evolutionary period in man's history, when one stage of progress, one set of goods and evils, has reached its ultimate stage of development. The hydrogen bomb is symbolic and symptomatic of just that. The problem of good and evil is not, never has been, and never will be, other than a problem of the individual. All grouping assumptions such as 'We as a nation', 'We as allies', etc., remove us out of contact with the plane of good and evil, so that expediency runs away with everything, unchecked, uncontrollable.

With its unquestioning use of assumption such as that every man is a member of a nation before a member of humanity there is a kind of liberalism in the mid-twentieth century, which is as subtly authoritarian in effect as the most open fascist and communist authoritarianisms.

Yours etc.,

London, N.W.3

R. STUBBS

Sir,—There are serious defects in Sir Llewellyn Woodward's arguments for a pact of retaliation with post-atomic weapons, on their first user, based on 'equality of fear'. He urges us to take the world as it now is, and not as we would wish it to be. Can he then seriously suppose that, in the event of these weapons being used by, say, the U.S. against Russia, or by Great Britain against Russia (the two examples he gives), either ally would 'honour' the agreement and strike down the other?

These are not, as he suggests, the most unlikely cases. Fear of defeat, and hunger from an enemy blockade, will drive any nation, in the last resort, to the use of post-atomic weapons, however well-intentioned it may have been at the start of a war. If there is ever a third world war, these weapons will be used, either at the outset by all major combatants, or else they will be started by the first party that finds itself in imminent danger of defeat.

There is no parallel with Locarno. A case can be made for defending A's frontier from attack by B, and *vice versa*, because there is a

hope of restoring the *status quo* by the show of force, or by its limited use. There is no argument, on grounds either of morality or expediency, for retaliation in kind on the first user of post-atomic weapons. If Moscow is atomised, the *status quo* will not be restored by destroying New York, and *vice versa*.

The only possible way to use sanctions of this kind is by a world organisation, and even then their use is debatable. The sooner we realise that, in our present stage, no practical stand can be made anywhere between pacifism and the use if necessary of any weapon, the sooner we will advance towards world government and real peace.—Yours, etc.,

University of Liverpool C. D. V. WILSON

Can Russia Change?

Sir,—On reading, in remote Connemara, Mr. Gordon Walker's recent broadcast in the Eastern European Service of the B.B.C., it seems not unreasonable to wonder what impression has been made on audiences as far to the east of Broadcasting House as Galway is to the west by the remark 'we do not believe that any democracy can launch, or ever has launched, an aggressive war'.

May not some of the people of France, Germany, and especially Holland, as they recalled the origins of the Boer War, have thought this to be another example of British hypocrisy? And, further east, may not some of those who heard the broadcast recall the years following the revolution when democratic Britain and democratic France either actually fought to destroy the new regime or actively supported those who were trying to destroy it?

It would not be difficult to multiply these instances which make nonsense of Mr. Walker's contention: there are, for example, the opium wars against China and some of the colonial wars on which was built the British Empire. So perhaps what Mr. Walker means is that a democracy never launches an aggressive war unless it is sure that no great harm will result to itself. This, too, will hardly bear examination: ancient Athens, now regarded as a sort of prototype of democracies, courted and met disaster with the Syracusan expedition—but if it did, the lesson citizens of the U.S.S.R. might be expected to learn from it, *viz.*, they must be effectively armed, does not seem to be the message Mr. Walker wished to convey.

Yours, etc.,

Connemara

R. H. GUNN

The Hydrogen Bomb

Sir,—Mr. L. Rose opines that 'the first astronomer was probably a working farmer in Egypt who needed to predict his seed-time'. If he would look up 'Calendar (Egyptian)' in *Hasting's Encyclopaedia* he would find ample evidence that it had nothing to do with farming but was drawn up by priests for the purpose of fixing religious festivals.

Few innovations have been made by practical men; in fact, in the words of T. H. Huxley, 'the practical man is the man who practises the errors of his forefathers'.—Yours, etc.,

Urk

RAGLAN

Trespassing Children

Sir,—In his brilliant talk, printed in THE LISTENER of July 29, Mr. Dennis Lloyd declares that 'For more than a century the

common law has recognised that even a trespasser is not entirely without rights'.

Surely by definition the common law makes no innovations and is not subject to modern modification. The rights of the trespasser depend upon tort and equity.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3.

V. T. LINACRE

Echo Sounding and Fishery Research

Sir,—I am in no position to assess the value of the greater part of the talk which appeared in THE LISTENER of July 29, but parts of the first and penultimate paragraphs have roused an unfortunate feeling of doubt about the whole of it. We are told of the crowds of large trawlers which use sounders to find herring shoals. It seems impossible that Mr. Cushing does not know that herring are caught by drifters and I should imagine that these would want more sea room for casting their nets than he suggests.

The description of the Sargasso Sea as an oceanic desert is most astounding. I have no claim to any first-hand knowledge of that area but had always understood it was that part of the ocean with the most life. Referring to *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* I find the following extract from Humboldt: 'that great bank of weeds, which so vividly occupied the imagination of Christopher Columbus, and which Oviedo calls the seaweed meadows'.

Yours, etc.,

Roby

H. MAURICE PALMER

The Queen's Vase

Sir,—I trust that in years to come The Queen's Vase will not be regarded as typical of the best British pottery in 1954. I can well believe from the illustration you publish of this over-decorated monstrosity (in THE LISTENER, July 22) that it is 'in a class by itself.' I trust it will continue to enjoy this distinction.

Yours, etc.,

Bordon

STEPHEN KING-HALL

A Refusal to Look

Sir,—With reference to the talk, 'A Refusal to Look', (THE LISTENER, July 22) and Mr. Amis' subsequent letter. Must it be left to authors—whose motives will always be suspect—to resent the present-day flow of 'new-angle' criticism, which is yellow on the highest plane? Mr. Quinton's article was surely a terrible little crossed god-child of Marx and the Gallup poll. What if there are authors who write from observation of places and people they know and have never had time or inclination to steep themselves in the books of twenty years ago—and so acquire the 'mannerisms' of which he accuses them. Life today is many dates at once.

As to his statistic about only a fifth of the people living in the country—is there any limit to the exasperation of the 'So What?' which rises to the tongue. He mentions safely Hardy. In Hardy's time, too, probably only about a quarter of the people lived in the country. Must writers really be encouraged to write about people whose deepest pangs proceed from loss of caste? Plenty of such people exist, but they are fit only for satire—which deals with types. A literature about people might be unrecognisable to Mr. Quinton. Not one of them would fit his pigeon-holes, without violence on his part, and his all-embracing 'angle' of 'value by mass'.—Yours, etc.,

Golspie

HUGO CHARTERIS

Immigrant Labour in Buganda

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of June 10 you were good enough to publish a review by I. Schapera of our book *Economic Development and Tribal Change* (Heffer, 1954). Authors are always grateful for reviews of their books, and particularly to a reviewer who has taken the trouble to read the work carefully enough to check up references and to point out inaccuracies so that it is possible to make the necessary corrections in second edition.

In this case your reviewer comments on three infelicities of style, four faulty page references, one inaccuracy in the use of a technical term, and one discrepancy between the views of two authors, and four mistakes in 'simple arithmetic'. He concludes, perhaps rightly, that it is a pity that 'the Institute's first major publication should be marred by such blemishes'.

On questions of style the reviewer is of course entitled to his opinion. Three out of the four page-references mentioned are in fact faulty and this is much regretted as well as the accidental use of the term 'descendants' to include a man's widows as well as his sons. The discrepancy between the points of view of two contributors to the volume is in fact a very small one. One author says (page 172) that Buganda is trying to absorb enormous numbers of foreign peasants and 'the process is involving strain', and the other (page 192) that Ganda society is capable of absorbing great numbers of immigrants 'without undue dislocation of the social structure'. Both writers admit to strain, but the latter (Mr. Mukwaya) analysed figures in Busiro and Kyagwe where it will be seen (page 199) that the hostility to foreigners was at its lowest as compared with Buddu, where it was at its highest. However, on the pages cited, there are, as far as we can find, no cases of mistakes in simple arithmetic for in fact the arithmetic was not of simple order. Of the men who answer a questionnaire only certain answers were quoted, so that the numbers mentioned were never intended to add up to the total interviewed; and in another case two answers given by one man were added so as to give the result of twenty-three answers from twenty-one men. The convention adopted may have been an unfortunate one but it would not be correct to conclude that the adding was careless.

These are small points in a review which is generally commendatory, but I felt it fair to the Institute to point them out, since the charges of careless arithmetic might seriously discredit our book in the eyes of scientific readers or prospective readers.—Yours, etc.,

East African Institute
of Social Research
Kampala, Uganda

A. I. Richards

Bouquets and Brickbats

Sir,—Your critic, Mr. Pound, writes (in THE LISTENER, August 5) that both Audience Research and Dr. Kinsey 'postulate a consistency of human nature' which, in his 'small opinion, is to be looked for only in primitive societies'.

If I understand him aright Mr. Pound, contemplating the infinite variety of human behaviour, finds it hard to believe that the behaviour of civilised men can be inferred from the study of samples of them. Were his doubts well founded then Audience Research, in common with all other social research based on sampling, including that of Dr. Kinsey, would certainly be valueless.

But I suspect that, underlying Mr. Pound's scepticism, is a misunderstanding which would exist whether Audience Research were based on sampling or not—a misunderstanding of what Audience Research means when it says that viewing has increased or decreased by so much.

It is not saying anything about either Mr. Pound's viewing or that of any other individual. It is making a statement about the collective behaviour of the viewing public.

Quantitative statements about collective behaviour are the common currency of administration. Figures are regularly compiled concerning the attendances of the cinema-going public, the library withdrawals of the reading public, or the passenger mileage of the travelling public. None of these figures would be any the worse if it happened, as it might, that no single individual's behaviour was exactly typical of that of the public to which he belongs. It may be interesting to compare one's own behaviour, or that of one's friends, with a published statement about the behaviour of people in general, but if one finds that they do not correspond, that does not constitute valid evidence that the statement is incorrect.

But to return to sampling: whether Mr. Pound likes it or not, it is a matter of fact that the sampling process can establish, and sometimes predict with a high degree of accuracy, the collective behaviour of civilised men. But it may reassure him to know that those who employ this process—and that includes both Audience Research and Dr. Kinsey—cannot, and never do, claim either to describe or to predict your critic's own behaviour.

Yours, etc.,
Broadcasting House, ROBERT SILVEY,
London, W.1 Head of Audience Research

Sculptor of Eros

Sir,—Sir Alfred Gilbert (the subject of a talk in THE LISTENER of August 5) was at Mercers' School from 1863 till 1866, the school being then in College Hill, so redolent of Dick Whittington, himself an old Mercers' boy. I first got to know Sir Alfred in 1934, when he was very old and I had been on the staff of Mercers for over thirty years.

Sir Alfred told me that he used to travel to school on a two-horse bus, which descended the steep and tragic Holborn Hill before the viaduct existed. One morning the bus was held up by a large crowd, gathered there to watch the last public execution outside the Old Bailey. The sensitive little boy was horrified by the grisly spectacle and the callous, jeering crowd. But more suffering awaited him, for on arrival at school he was severely caned.

'The little finger of my right hand was', he said, 'permanently damaged, hardly a propitious beginning for a sculptor'. A more serious handicap was his aesthetic sensitivity. Eros he called 'his glory and his shame'; for when, after spending all his imagination and all his means on that masterpiece, he left London as a bankrupt, he told the committee to melt the whole thing down into bronze pence for the unemployed. Such a tragedy actually took place at Bruges, for when the Germans entered that town, Gilbert smashed everything in his studio, all his work of twenty-five years.

It always seems to me that the beauty and rhythm of Gilbert's smaller figures are specially exquisite. Alfred Drury, at one time a sculptor of note, was of that opinion. He collected whatever he could of the work of 'the two greater Alfreds—Gilbert and Stevens'.

A final memory is of, his write-of-hand, graceful and flowing in an Elizabethan style: I have his signature on a drawing which I made of him.—Yours, etc.,

Burford B. C. BOULTER

Three Art Galleries

Sir,—Your photograph in THE LISTENER of August 5 of the painting 'The Footballers' by Dom Robert has frankly got me worried. I count twenty-three players and am wondering

if one of the figures is the referee, or could it be possible that an extra man was smuggled in by an unscrupulous team? Also one of the corner flags appears to be flying into the wind. Perhaps it is only artistic licence, and I should not despair at the apparent lack of fair play in the world of sport today. Still, the flag still worries me.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

T. H. O'R. TRIPP

English Music at the Proms

Sir,—With reference to the review 'English Music at the Proms', in THE LISTENER of August 5, I would respectfully submit the following small correction:

I'm not fussey,
Hussey;
But for xylophone
Read vibraphone.

Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 13

ERIC THOMPSON

Why There Is No Slump

(continued from page 235)

increase its share of the total market by a price cut. This is because it knows that none of the other giants will allow itself to be undercut; all will therefore reduce their prices at once. It follows that prices will be cut only when one of these firms believes that the market as a whole can be expanded.

The most interesting aspect of this development is that it tends to produce the same sort of result in large-scale private industry as is produced in agriculture through the action of governments. The reason why wheat prices have not fallen violently in spite of huge stocks is that governments, especially the American Government which is the decisive influence in the world market, neutralise at any rate a large part of the surplus. In American steel, the large companies have the power and the will to cut off production in order to prevent an unmanageable surplus.

The same applies to oil, both inside and outside the United States. In this case, the surplus has been controlled by cuts in production of crude oil, decreed by the Texas Railroad Commission, a governmental body, and by the voluntary curtailment of refinery output by the big companies themselves. Again it is a case of a few giant firms, who exercise a decisive influence on the market. They have not been able to prevent an embarrassing increase in petrol stocks and some price cutting; but the cuts have been on a very moderate scale so far, and the physical surplus appears to be under control.

What is most striking in this case is that although the surplus is all in the United States, no attempt is made to shift the problem on to the world outside by reducing American imports of oil. Similarly in steel no one has yet tried to meet the problem of American surplus capacity by cut-price exports. It looks as if the big American companies do not want to disrupt the established marketing channels in the rest of the world by more aggressive competition—or that they do not think it worth their while to do so for what appears to them to be the relatively small gains to be made in the process. These business giants may be unpopular in the United States itself, where they are constantly being harried by anti-trust laws, but for the rest of the world they provide a most valuable piece of additional protection against the effects of a recession in America. Big business does not make us slump-proof, but it acts as an extra cushion against a fall. We are resting on that cushion now.—General Overseas Service

Art

Round the London Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

IN the Arts Council Gallery and the newly paved garden behind it is an exhibition of sculptures, drawings and woodcuts by Gerhard Marcks, the most eminent of living German sculptors. The exhibition is retrospective, though not retrospective enough: nothing anterior to 1941 is shown, and the artist was born in 1889.

There is no doubt that Marcks is a very good sculptor indeed: at once a fine craftsman and an artist of obvious seriousness and integrity, he has the whole thing well under control. And yet his exhibition does not contain a single image which is either memorable in itself or transforms our view of the world. At first we have the impression that it is merely the earnest normality of his work which confines our reaction to it to a Cantabrigian regard for its modest and serious pursuit of a respectable purpose. Later we discover that its failure to stir our imagination is because it does not make sense.

The language of these sculptures is a simplified, formalised, static naturalism which involves a considerable idealisation of the human figure. (The 'Eve', for example, is much more generalised—and, in the head, much more stylised—than Despiau's comparable 'Assia'.) But although these figures are idealised in their forms, they do not belong to an ideal world. Their postures, their features, and above all their mood are entirely earthbound and matter-of-fact: they reveal none of the aspiration towards a divine status which is the proper justification of an idealising art. Indeed, they are not only all too human but all too middle-class. Consequently, there is no meaning or portent in their postures and gestures, and the monumental purity of their forms engenders, not the serenity which one imagines was hoped for, but an effect of bovine complacency. This applies a good deal less to the smaller figures than to the bigger ones, with the result that we are more able to enjoy their many passages of precise and reticently tender observation.

There are several mixed exhibitions worth visiting if only for the sake of one or two works. In the first place there are selections of a few more or less choice pieces: at the Lefevre, with its large, early, Courbet-esque Pissarro landscape; at Tooth's, with its very late Renoir portrait; and at Matthiessen's, with its large Courbet nude which appears to date from the very outset of his career, when he was painting allegorical and biblical subjects, and is therefore something of a rarity. Then there are the big bazaars. The Gimpel Gallery's is the most decorative of these; the Leicester's is chiefly notable for its drawings; the Redfern's is the richest and most varied, and includes an early Borès, a fine Sidney Nolan, a pair of small landscapes by Kikoine, and a gem of a monotype by Degas. In addition to these dealers' miscel-

lanies, there is a curious exhibition at the Guildhall Art Gallery called 'Trends in British Art, 1900-1954' which is far too arbitrary in both selection and arrangement to fulfil the expectations aroused by its title, but includes such interesting items as Francis Bacon's earliest work (a pastel of a head executed in 1928) and William Nicholson's astonishing still-life from the Walker Gallery, 'The Hundred Jugs'.

Finally, there is a group of mixed shows more or less exclusively concerned with presenting a cross-section of the activity of the younger generations: these are to be found at the Gallery One and the Zwemmer Gallery (both of them in Litchfield Street), the Beaux-Arts Gallery, and the Institute of Contemporary Arts. From the many talented and untalented exhibitors at these galleries, I should like to single out a handful of unfamiliar names.

Two of them (both showing at the I.C.A.) are foreign—F. H. Souza, an Indian painter, and Takis Vasilakis, a Greek sculptor whose adaptations of Cycladic forms have a very precise sense of balance and a considerable subtlety of modelling.

John Bratby, who has a portrait at the Beaux-Arts and a large landscape at Zwemmer's, is not only the most vigorous of our youngest painters but also perhaps the most complete master of his style. His portrait betrays a tendency to allow his paint to clog which is shared by several other young painters exhibiting at the Beaux-Arts who have a liking for thick, encrusted paint: even Martin Froy's thoughtful and sensitive picture is ruined by its ugly surface-texture. It is left to Frank Auerbach's lurid, larger-than-life (in every sense), expressionist portrait at Zwemmer's to show how paint laid on with a quite outrageous prodigality can be not only seductive but most subtly and mysteriously alive.

On his showing at the I.C.A., Victor Willing is a painter whose

intelligence and good taste are, by English standards, evident almost to the point of inefficiency. His portrait of a girl, very close in style to Bérard, is as pretty as a picture. His still-life of a bottle and a paint-pot in the corner of a room is as delectable in colour and texture as it is beautifully disconcerting in its treatment of space and perspective (by which the forms are disposed as if seen in close-up, but realised as if seen from a distance).

John Craxton's is hardly an unfamiliar name, but he appears at the I.C.A. in an unfamiliar guise—as a sculptor. His plaster head of a youth has a life, a directness and an individuality of style which I do not think he has ever encompassed in his paintings.



'Eve', by Gerhard Marcks, in the garden of the Arts Council Gallery, St. James's Square

The ninth annual report of the Council of Industrial Design for the year ending March 31, 1954, has now been published. The price is 1s. 6d.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Broken Cistern

By Bonamy Dobrée.

Cohen and West. 12s. 6d.

THIS BOOK CONSISTS of the Clark Lectures for 1952-53. The lectures were originally delivered under the title of 'Public Themes in English Poetry'. Professor Dobrée had been struck by the persistent appearance in our poetry of three public themes in particular—Stoicism, Scientism (Professor Dobrée says that he advisedly uses the new-fangled term), and Patriotism: in *The Broken Cistern* he traces the development of these three themes from the sixteenth century to the present day. It is clear that there is such a development, in the sense that these themes are treated differently at different times by English poets, and that they are, on the whole, as Professor Dobrée shows by quotation and critical analysis, treated with greater subtlety as time goes on; although the last claim can be accepted only with reservations, since poets like Shakespeare and Blake are intractable to such general theories. Professor Dobrée suggests that a public theme must be a commonplace of men's consciousness before it can enter into a poem by way of imagery or symbol, and that this is the last phase of its poetic development: the first phase is the poetry of statement, such as the descriptions of scientific activities in Falconer's 'The Shipwreck', from which Professor Dobrée quotes a passage containing lines that seem to us now merely comic, such as:

The compass plac'd to catch the rising ray,
The quadrant's shadows studious they survey.

Professor Dobrée is well aware of the unenviable position which some contemporary writers still attempt to hold, in believing that poetry and science are in some way naturally antagonistic; he knows that both scientists and poets are searching for 'actuality and relationship'. He instances Auden as a poet who has understood aspects of science, particularly psychology, and used these in poems that are certainly far beyond the poetry of statement.

The author of *The Broken Cistern* sees today a decline of Stoicism: Robert Graves, Dylan Thomas, and Auden, amongst others, have all written against this attitude, the last in the very pertinent lines quoted in this book:

Only the young and the rich
Have the nerve or the figure to strike
The lacrimae rerum note.

Professor Dobrée wonders if one of the reasons why an attitude of Stoicism is not acceptable (in the sense of philosophical endurance, used by him in the book under review) is what Sir George Rostrevor Hamilton suggests—that man is no longer proud of himself. 'He is not prone to see himself in any dazzling glory'. It is, obviously, becoming less and less possible to accept the human situation, which is so full of misery and tragedy. These conditions of life in our uncertain age of anxiety are not, surely, likely to turn poets towards any of the public themes discussed by Professor Dobrée, with the possible exception of 'Scientism', and then only when science and its aims and activities are better understood than they are now by most poets; even if Professor Dobrée believes that a poetry dealing with public themes would be widely read; and this seems debatable. He also suggests that, if contemporary poetry is little read, is indeed not even wanted, the fault may be more with poetry's professional critics than with its creators; and he writes: 'Have we not forsaken the fountain of living waters, and made ourselves cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold

no water?' There are, unfortunately, many less subtle aids to the evasion of poetry by the public—the film, radio, television, even book clubs, although one does now exist for poetry. In the end, good poetry can come only if poets are certain enough of themselves to write what they must write, whether it turns out to be wanted or not wanted: this may be arrogant of them, but it is none the less necessary.

India. Paintings from Ajanta Caves.

Zwemmer. £5 10s.

This magnificent picture-book presents thirty-two coloured reproductions of frescoes in the Ajanta Caves. It has a short foreword from Mr. Nehru and a useful introduction from its editor and photographer, Mr. Madanjeet Singh. Explanatory comments on the various plates would have been welcome but have not been provided, and those who want a wider view of Ajanta must look elsewhere. The chief authority is the monumental work of Dr. G. Yazdani, of Hyderabad; the copies of frescoes made by Lady Herringham and her assistants and published over fifty years ago should also be studied. From these two works a better idea can be gained of the extent, size, and complexity of the caves, while for those who prefer modernity there has recently been a bright and leisurely article about them in the *New Yorker*. The present publication is essentially a picture book: as such it can be unreservedly praised.

Turning over its pages we note that most of the pictures come from Cave I and from Cave XVII. Cave I is indeed an eye-opener. The visitor encounters it after he has climbed the steps which lead from the gorge (once infested by tigers) up to the vast horse-shoe of caves (recently full of bats). He is so astonished that he finds it difficult to go on, and he is not surprised that Dr. Yazdani should devote the whole of one volume to it. Palace scenes, musicians, a Buddha, a Bodhisattva, antelopes, a happy pink elephant in a pond—all are here reproduced through the good offices of Unesco and the skill of a Milanese technician, while from Cave XVII comes the most remarkable detail of all—a duck in a universe of green. All who have visited Ajanta have noted the easiness and happiness of its atmosphere. Men and animals seem to meet on equal terms, as do the various races of men. In this it differs from the other two great cave-groups of India, Ellora and Elephanta, where there is tension and destruction and harsh proclamation of truth. Ajanta is a worthy shrine for a civilised nation, and it is natural that the present government of India should be proud of it and should desire it to be better known abroad.

Philosophical Essays. By A. J. Ayer.

Macmillan. 18s.

These twelve essays, all published originally within the past ten years, strikingly exhibit the workings of their author's most acute and energetic mind. And they are for that reason both admirable and enjoyable, though they make no concessions whatever to entertainment. Both Professor Ayer's earlier books have been widely read and discussed—his first, *Language, Truth, and Logic*, prodigiously so—and these essays, though in no way inflammatory and seldom polemical, will hold a worthy place in the succession. Three are concerned with logic, five with epistemology, three with moral philosophy, and one with a curious group of questions called 'ontological' by modern logicians. Professor

Ayer's attention to clarity and coherence is always impressive. His manner of writing might well be taken as a model, though in very few hands would there be justification for the bold and confident tone which, indeed, seems not always in place in his own discussions.

The essays on logic are in some ways the most satisfactory. Professor Ayer appears to be most at his ease when facts are as far removed from the issues as possible, and where there is little occasion to attend to the minutiae of ordinary speech. It might be suggested that such problems as these really do conform closely to his general conception of philosophical problems, whereas other topics seem sometimes not to fit the treatment that is applied to them. The essays on ethics are not less clearly and skilfully written, but for all that they do not seem to get very far. They were all written before the current boom in the prestige and practice of moral philosophy had set in, and so are liable, perhaps unfairly, to seem superseded. This, however, hardly applies to the interesting piece on 'The Principle of Utility'.

The least satisfactory essays, which are also the longest, are 'The Terminology of Sense-data' and 'Phenomenalism'. These are not in any obvious way obscure. They are composed with both industry and ingenuity. Their logical workings are complex but seemingly well in hand. However, they have about them a strange air of hopelessness, of arduous but somehow misdirected endeavour. If in this field Professor Ayer's older contemporaries may be rudely thought of as somewhat slow-moving and myopic Gadarene swine, he himself might be seen as an agile and apparently clear-sighted hare, moving very fast indeed in exactly the same direction. The very fact that these essays are so skilfully written is itself depressing. They seem both to say little and to leave little more to be said. But this combination of discomfort and paralysis is really the beginning, not the end, of a philosophical problem.

War in the Eastern Seas, 1793-1815

By C. Northcote Parkinson.

Allen and Unwin. 35s.

The main value of Professor Parkinson's book is that it gives, for the first time, a documented account of operations during the French Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars in a neglected, but important, naval theatre, the East Indies Station, stretching from the Cape of Good Hope to China. It concentrates on the eastern sector, India particularly, but also takes in possessions of Holland, Portugal, Spain, and Denmark, all in doubtful alliance with their mother-countries, and none of them desiring an active share in the war. It draws on the correspondence of successive British naval commanders-in-chief in that station, and that of their antagonists.

It is intended as a prelude to a full-scale account of the whole war at sea in this crucial period, the last stage of what is best regarded as a second Hundred Years' War with the French, the main purpose of which for this country was naval, commercial, and Imperial supremacy. Even whilst holding back the flood-tide of the Revolution, and the military genius of Napoleon in Europe, this aim was paramount. In this distant station, where the French threat was increasingly negligible, and perhaps always over-emphasised, British attention soon moved from strategic danger to a question of which islands and territories were most valuable, which determined later operations. This close connec-

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tion between commerce and conflict is insufficiently emphasised by Professor Parkinson, more surprisingly because of his previous work on trade in this area in this period. Nevertheless, the account of possessions and bases, their resources and requirements, the problems of their attack and defence, is a useful addition to knowledge of this period. Naval history is neither as neglected nor as unimaginative as the author assumes. The difficulties experienced by both major participants in this area can only be explained by events elsewhere. War in this theatre began gradually, without dramatic overture—a rumour, a whispered possibility, a strong expectation—and, after the conquest of Java and its dependencies in 1811, the total fall of all enemy settlements in the east, it died away slowly, and without finale. It is the same with this account, which describes each successive phase, but in isolating them, almost succumbs to the drab lassitude of the climate. On details of separate campaigns, it is good; on basic purpose and results, disappointing, though with occasional flashes—such as the neglect of gunnery, the over-confidence in innate national superiority, visible in the closing operations.

This is the more regrettable since Professor Parkinson reveals talents essential to a comprehensive work of the kind he envisages. There is the realisation how much, in an age of slow communication, depended on the right guess being made by the local commander, the major role of sheer chance in operations: As Admiral Rainier put it in August, 1797, 'in the prosecution of so distant a military enterprize the way whereto lies thro' so perilous and perhaps intricate a navigation, and consequently exposed to a variety of casualties, adverse and unforeseen circumstances may interfere and disappoint the wisest measures'. The chance to develop a plan of operation was seldom given. Events intervened, and the scene changed faster than plans could be made (or clearly described in order, as this book shows). There is welcome recognition of the essential human element, without which ships are useless—the realisation of boredom as the main cause in the minor mutinies of 1798. The two best chapters, dealing with administrative problems in India—the supplies of ships, men, and provisions, and with health and the routine of service—underline the paramount need in work of this kind to examine the factors on which, in the last resort, everything depends. As Blankett wrote in June, 1799, 'it is possible or folly to defeat a Plan wise in itself, by making its prosecution impracticable'.

Life Arboreal. By Ewart Milne.

Peter Russell. 9s. 6d.

A Charm against the Toothache

By John Heath-Stubbs.

Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Milne is a curious poet. He was born in 1903 and has published a number of books of poems, none of them quite succeeding in making a firm impression or establishing their author as a definite poetic personality. Yet Mr. Milne is patently sincere, well-read, interested in people and the life of his times, feels deeply and writes in a valid tradition. This book, which contains nearly sixty poems and has an air of solidity and success somewhat lacking in his others, ought to go some way towards giving him the position in contemporary verse he merits. He has often deliberately incorporated into his poems echoes of, even direct quotations from, other poets—a dubious procedure at best. He does this sometimes in the present volume, but in the best poems he has relied on his own ideas, his own music, to carry his conception through. These poems, indeed, succeed perhaps because they are rather less ambitious, less rhapsodic, than some

of his other work, and he has been able to keep them sharp and logical:

In the falling season more than apples fall:

You hear a murmur on the little street,

You see a paper go from hand to hand,

A ballad singer sings an old song of the land,

Then the minion on his beat comes strolling along—

And suddenly the street is empty, everyone has gone

Except the ballad singer and a child's rolling ball . . .

There are few poets today making the attempt, as Mr. Milne does, to bear in their poetry the burden of the public events of the age, and it must be hoped that he will go on trying to solve the difficult problems before him.

The sense of purpose which is felt in Mr. Milne's book even in its weakest patches is missing from Mr. Heath-Stubbs'. *A Charm against the Toothache* contains too many ideas and phrases that seem to their author intrinsically 'poetic' and are therefore inadequately presented or worked out:

Guides of horses and the harmonious lyre

Whose intellectual chords construct,

For us, a ladder of the mind—

(As Plato, once, your child of fable, told)—

To climb through these blue heavens, beyond

The stars, that Delphic quire, the kosmokrators

Turning the world's wheels . . .

Even the context does not improve this passage. And where an idea is clearly presented it is quite often banal: e.g., 'In the heart of a poem's crystal alone can the Spring come true'. But it would be unfair to give the impression that this collection was composed entirely of the romantic, rather contrived, poetry with which Mr. Heath-Stubbs has made his reputation. He has struck a new note with what his publishers call 'some touches of an ironic and satiric wit', and certainly the poems which display it have a welcome hardness and shape, and a certain charm. Even these, however, for all their oddity and ingenuity, come out merely as the work of a dilettante, a writer lacking individuality—or at least an individuality sympathetic and strong enough to serve as the apparatus of a marginal poetry. Mr. Heath-Stubbs' verse shows undoubted talents but too little worthwhile experience.

Growth in English Education

By H. C. Dent.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 16s.

Mr. H. C. Dent has followed up his *Education in Transition*, which covered the years 1939-1943, with a highly competent survey of the development of public education in England between the Act of 1944 and 1952. He surveys both the immediate post-war expedients adopted to make good the lack of teachers and of material resources—buildings and equipment—and the more permanent alterations effected, especially in the fields of secondary, adult, and university education. In a number of cases—in connection with the development of secondary modern schools, for instance—his descriptions of administrative reforms are enlivened by first-hand evidence culled from visits paid to schools and institutions; and his sensible comments here are more cogent than the opinions he quotes of others, opinions which are intended to supply his lack of first-hand experience. In talking of the Institutes of Education, for instance, he is content to rely on a 'friendly Australian observer' whose verdict it was that, among other virtues, 'they all had the "vision of greatness"'—an opinion which is open to challenge.

It is, perhaps, matter for regret that Mr. Dent has not chosen to refer more fully to the controversies of the period. For, just as important as the vast administrative changes that took

place in the post-war period, were the alterations in educational approach and technique mooted and often implemented. Thus, although he gives a resumé of Sir Walter Moberly's book on *The Crisis in the University* as an important contribution to the philosophy of university education (incidentally, he does less than justice to the brilliance of Professor Oakeshott's reply in the *Cambridge Journal*), he makes little reference to the battle for and against 'activity' methods which consumed the interest and attention of so many teachers and trainers of teachers in the years following the war. In his comments on the secondary modern school, he refers to the 'project' method, and, with some justification, deprecates the decline in academic standards which a too exclusive concern for the method can entail; but he fails to indicate sufficiently that the 'project' method is merely one facet of a whole philosophy of education, which has a long intellectual history; it was a philosophy which came into prominence in the state schools after the war, at least in part to cope with the needs of the less academically able child, and one which profoundly affected certain aspects of our educational system (especially, for instance, the infant school). Thus, the 'student-centred' education which he finds characteristic of the emergency training colleges was influenced at least as much by the prevailing climate of opinion (which thus favoured the 'pupil-centred') as it was by an appreciation of the relative maturity of the emergency trainees.

Nevertheless, at the level of understanding which Mr. Dent is concerned, in the main, to promote—an understanding of administrative changes and of the material resources of education involved—his book can be recommended. He has welded together a mass of administrative detail and ministerial opinion with admirable lucidity.

Cavour and Garibaldi, 1860. A Study in Political Conflict

By D. Mack Smith. Cambridge. 45s.

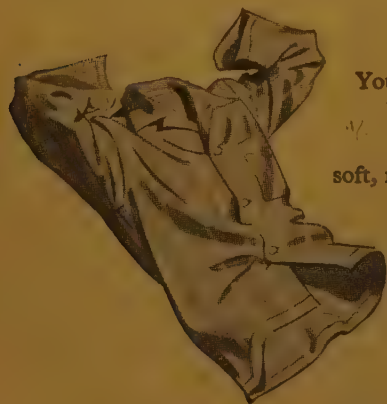
Dedicated to G. M. and Janet Trevelyan, Mr. Mack Smith's *Cavour and Garibaldi* covers the same period and problem—the making of Italy in 1860—which Professor Trevelyan had covered in the last two volumes of his Garibaldi trilogy some forty-five years ago. But how different is the story it tells! Mr. Mack Smith's concern is the political conflict behind the military and diplomatic scene. He does not allow himself to be carried away by the 'poetic sympathy' to which Trevelyan confessed. And yet there is a bias also in Mr. Mack Smith's approach to the subject. He pointed out not long ago, in a broadcast on the thirtieth anniversary of the fascist 'March on Rome', that our interpretation of the making of Italy must take into account the causes 'which turned the liberal nation into an aggressive totalitarian empire'. In a number of articles, and now in this book, he has set himself the task of tracing the 'flaws' in that 'great achievement' which used to draw unconditional admiration from liberal historians.

This is the story of another 'March on Rome' and of the way in which it was prevented. In the sorry tale of how the noble Garibaldi was cheated out of the fruits of victory, Mr. Mack Smith reserves to Cavour the part of the villain. The picture he paints of him is strangely contradictory: on one hand a man completely nonplussed by the pace of events; on the other, a wily Machiavellian to whom no amount of cunning and deceit was excessive. Barely an Italian himself, Cavour was never sincere in his conversion to the idea of Italian unity. The inventor of that 'technique of parliamentary dictatorship' which was to cripple Italian constitutional life in later days, his liberal-

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ism can at best be described as 'utopian'. What Cavour was really after was to exploit the 'anti-jacobin panic' of the well-to-do and the Cabinets of Europe, in order to impose a Piedmontese hegemony on the Peninsula.

These are grave accusations, graver still since they are founded on a thorough and scholarly reappraisal of all the available evidence. Mr. Mack Smith was no doubt greatly assisted in his work by the publication of Cavour's correspondence, of which fifteen volumes are so far completed, and nine relate to the period which he covers in this book. His uncontested mastery of the subject makes it more difficult to challenge his interpretation. Perhaps the bias which he does not conceal countenances the expression of some reservations. Professor Trevelyan himself, though generously giving the younger historian his blessing, has warned the reader not to forget 'that Cavour was burdened with the awful responsibility for the safety of what already existed of free Italy in the face of a hostile Europe'. One may find some further causes of perplexity in turning from the outside to the inside of the Italian scene.

To begin with, the very alternative which Mr. Mack Smith seems to favour cannot but appear highly questionable. Clearly, the legend of Garibaldi will always appeal to English hearts. But would Garibaldi's hand have proved safer than Cavour's in solving the appalling difficulties that befell the newly formed kingdom? The radical democrats who enthusiastically followed Garibaldi in Naples were them-

selves far from presenting a united front; and as for the 'popular dictator', whose rule (in the words of an English witness) was based on 'a sort of intimate communion of mind' with the masses, perhaps his real greatness was revealed less in his startling success than in his own frank recognition of its limits. His mettle was, no doubt, very different from that of a later Italian dictator, though he came very near to anticipating the latter's technique of appealing to the Crown against parliament, and he shared the same wild dreams of national expansion. 'Garibaldianism' has been endemic in Italian life ever since. There are good reasons why it should appear more like a disease than a cure to the eyes of posterity.

Nor does Mr. Mack Smith's main contention, that the revolution miscarried because of intrigue and intervention from the north, seem more convincing. The truth is that there was no revolution in Naples (because of 'the softness of the Neapolitans, and their inability to make any effort by themselves', as another contemporary Englishman puts it): there were two conquering armies representing two different ideas of patriotism, and two quite opposite political principles. When it comes to choosing between the two, perhaps a word can be said in defence of Cavour's idealism. The accusation of 'machievellianism' need not detain us: there are very few modern statesmen at whom the charge cannot be levelled. Rather should it be pointed out that, if Cavour remained convinced at heart that the unification of Italy was premature, and

that it ought to have taken more than one generation to bring about the union of the north and the south, he was not so far short of being in the right; and at any rate one cannot but admire the way in which he faced a situation that deeply disturbed him. As for his 'parliamentary dictatorship', the very words provide after all a tribute to his greatness. Mr. Mack Smith reluctantly admits that Cavour's eagerness 'to encounter his enemies in public debate' was the sign of a 'true liberal'. A great admirer of British ways, Cavour firmly believed that there was no problem that could not be solved by this method. He may have been mistaken in this, but his good faith cannot be doubted. Far from wilfully deceiving the southerners in their expectation of a certain amount of autonomy, he gave his name to the first detailed plan of regional decentralisation that was laid before the Italian Chamber. The man who had once said that the worst of Chambers is better than the best of antechambers should not be blamed for having preferred the rule of a freely elected parliament to the rule of the *piazza*. Cavour's ambition was to raise the standard of Italian political life to that of the more advanced nations of Europe. He was fully aware of the 'problem of the south'; the thought of it became an obsession with him and probably hastened his end. 'Piedmontese hegemony'—if there was such a thing—may not have been the right solution. But the ideals that inspired it make it hard to believe that it was entirely wrong and discreditable.

Town and Gown

The Victoria History of the Counties of England: Oxfordshire, Vol. III. The University and Colleges of Oxford.

Edited by the late H. E. Salter. Oxford. 84s.

A History of the City of Oxford. By Ruth Fasnacht. Blackwell. 21s.

A VOLUME of the *Victoria County History* which is concerned exclusively with the University of Oxford can legitimately claim the attention of a wide public. Moreover, it can itself be regarded as part of a long series of books which for more than 200 years have been devoted to the same theme. Most of the ancient Oxford colleges have already their own histories, and any account of the university itself must be based to some extent on the miscellaneous writings of Anthony Wood, on the malicious and entertaining diaries of Herne, and more directly upon the revised edition of Rashdall's classical work on medieval universities. Yet this book is by no means merely a summary of earlier erudition. Its compilation was begun more than twenty years ago, and its original character is assured by the fact that its first editor was the late H. E. Salter who placed his unrivalled knowledge of Oxford history at the full disposal of the numerous contributors. The result is a work unique in its scope.

A book so composite in its authorship and so replete with compressed factual detail is (as must be confessed) ill adapted for continuous reading, but it will serve admirably for continuous reference. Nowhere else is displayed at the same time, and with the same authority, both the development of the university and of the colleges which it contains, and the names of the authors are themselves sufficient guarantee of the scholarship which informs their articles. Pride of place must perhaps be given to the admirable summary of the development of the university by Mr. Strickland Gibson, but the college histories which follow are also notable. These inevitably vary in quality, but those relating to Merton, Oriel, Exeter, All Souls, and St. John's are models of their kind, and all these accounts not only sketch the growth of the colleges but give a full architectural descrip-

tion of the collegiate buildings. Lavish documentation is supplied throughout.

So wide, indeed, is this detailed survey that the information contained in this volume is somewhat difficult to grasp in its totality. It is a far cry from the medieval *studium generale* to the modern university whose latest developments are also here discussed. Mr. Gibson, dismissing earlier legends, places the origins of his university firmly in the twelfth century, and proceeds to describe the first Oxford scholars, and the problems which arose after the coming of the Friars. To the Oxford of Grosseteste succeeded the Oxford of Wycliffe, and this in turn, after the turmoil of the Reformation, gave place to the Oxford of Laud. Later, we are shown Tractarian Oxford, the results of the government commissions of the nineteenth century and the establishment in 1878 of the first women's colleges. Finally, there are the transformations of the latest decades: the ever increasing importance of the natural sciences in the curricula, and the ever widening social area from which the undergraduate population of Oxford is recruited.

In this long development the several colleges, especially after the Reformation, played their individual parts, gaining more and more control over the university itself, and often achieving some particular pre-eminence. Thus, St. John's was inevitably the favourite of William Laud, and in the eighteenth century Queen's College was distinguished as a 'nest of Saxonists'. To think of Newman's Oxford is to think of Oriel, and later in the nineteenth century the dominant figure was Jowett of Balliol. Not until after the government commissions did the university, poor in funds, begin to assert itself once more, as such, against the wealthier colleges. New professorships were established, and now the receipt by the university of a large annual grant

from the state has placed the relationship upon a new footing. The future is uncertain, but a university whose oldest college dates from 1253, and whose latest foundation was established twenty-one years ago may surely look forward with confidence in its ability to adapt itself to changing circumstances without losing its essential and traditional character.

The choice of Oxford as the first home of secular learning in England was due in part to the central and pivotal position of that city, and Oxford itself was old when the university first began. Mrs. Fasnacht admirably sketches the history of the town from its Saxon origins to its modern development, almost within living memory, as an important industrial city. In her survey the relations between town and gown naturally take a prominent place from the time of the blood-stained riot of St. Scholastica's Day 1355 and the subsequent subjection of the city to the university which lasted until after the end of the eighteenth century. The modern resurgence of the city coincided with an improvement of the relations between the civic and academic authorities, and produced at last the present harmony which could hardly have been more aptly symbolised than by the foundation of Nuffield College in 1933.

Mrs. Fasnacht's book is addressed to the general reader, but it is based upon sound scholarship, and it makes its own contribution to the history of English towns. It may also take its place as a not unworthy pendant to the massive volume compiled by Mr. Gibson and his learned colleagues. Moreover, these two volumes, so different in scope and character, have one excellence in common. They are finely produced and very beautifully illustrated. Both books, in short, for their distinct merits, may be warmly welcomed.

DAVID DOUGLAS

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Trading on Personality

THERE IS SUBLIMITY in the spectacle of a nation engaged in poetic self-expression, even when fancy sports with the notion that it might be a moot of connoisseurs of the shampoo. The Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales last week was the source of a variety of good viewing sequences. Roving over the lines of uplifted faces, the camera caught sometimes the look of rapture and once a frank uninhibited yawn, presumably also indigenous.

It may have been that for some viewers beyond the Principality the charades of crowning and chairing went on over-long. Thanks to an able commentator, the edge was taken off tedium. His unforced microphone manner admirably assisted our long-range attention. No demurrer reached my desk following the statement of belief here that by their use of the English tongue the Welsh have helped us to discover new music in it. Hywel Davies' descriptive deftness reinforced that opinion.

Concerning voices, television's emphasis on personality as against talent sets an awkward problem for those of us who write about the programmes and the people who take part in them. Producers choose panel-game players, for example, on their personality value alone; talent doesn't matter. Invoking no Tolstoyan weight of judgement, a critic may inquire: What then must we do? Should we be silent or does the new bias justify our risking hurt to people's feelings? Personal traits are not necessarily a fair subject for public comment: yet one could be impressed by the argument that people who thrust themselves into the general consciousness without any supporting gift cannot reasonably hope to escape magisterial notice. There is a Scots voice, newly heard in the panel-games firmament, which I find unendurable hearing. I have no apologetic feelings about mentioning it, remembering having heard beautifully spoken English coming out of a lonely shieling to the north of Inverness.

Here, pursuing the theme, I take a chance of saluting the iridescent vitality of the duty

announcer Avis Scott, whose role may hide unadvertised talents. Her personality fills our screens with a refreshing good-sort radiance which the clumsy studio lighting cannot subdue. A telling exhibit for illustrating the imponderable under discussion. I hear women viewers criticising Mary Malcolm's and Sylvia Peters' taste in clothes, hair styles, and jewellery. It is part of Avis Scott's triumph that neither women nor men viewers seem to care what she wears or how she wears it.

I could be persuaded that in trading now so extensively in personality, television has a special responsibility to its audience, that it should be sensitive to more than eye-appeal. Some pro-

to equate human dignity with the panel-game called 'One of the Family', in which relatives and friends of famous people present themselves before an identification squad under the brisk command of Leslie Mitchell. I have wondered what my colleague on the next page thought of it, his pigeon.

Last week he shook my critical stance by wishing in print that we might see more films from the Lutheran Church of America, like the one put on the other Sunday night, entitled 'Honesty'. From the number of times in recent months that I have been short-changed in shops I am inclined to agree that there is scope here for American missionary endeavour on that subject. The Lutheran message in these films is sound enough. It is the method which repels, choking our cathode tubes with its syrupy sentiment. Is there no better-quality moralising to be found in the sterling area?

Sporting events made some of the week's best television, in particular the regatta on the Serpentine, London, last Saturday; excellent pictures, with attractive incidental shots of children at their games. The racing was quite often exciting and the programme as a whole well worth seeing. From the more important arena at Vancouver there came telerecordings of varying quality, some poor, but providing an illustrated supplement to front-page happenings in the sporting realm.

The Blackpool documentary was a disappointment. A never more than middling script unwound itself deviously through a series of episodes that singularly failed to impress us with a sense either of history or of drama.

A wasted chance; no doubt of it, leaving an imposing story still to be told.

Having talked the previous evening with Farmer A. G. Street, who thinks myxomatosis a blessing in unpleasant disguise, I was all attention when 'Panorama' put the arguments squarely on the screen, posing them with impeccable balance and summing up with judicial calm. Some of the pictures were indeed unpleasant, recruiting posters for a point of view which the programme was at pains to present, while at the same time leaving the controversy unresolved.

REGINALD POUND



'The Blackpool Story' on August 3, with Stephen Murray (thumb in waistcoat pocket) as Sir John Bickerstaffe discussing the model of the tower

ducers fail precisely in that respect. They are too susceptible to the cheap headline values which debase personality. Television has a chance to dignify it. There has been at least one panel-game in which the parties to the fun were people of more distinguished attainments than those who face us with so much professional *bonhomie* in programmes like 'What's My Line?', 'The Name's The Same', and 'Guess My Story', though for more than gallantry's sake I would exempt Helen Cherry from this impeachment.

Fun, though, is not my business, a reminder which happily excuses me from the need to try



As seen by the viewer: Chairing the Bard at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales on August 5: the Bardic Chair, and (right) Mr. John Evans who was proclaimed Bard, with the Archdruid

Two shots from 'Top to Toe', a fashion forum, on August 6: model Toni Frost showing an evening dress, and (right) a contest in suitable hats

Photographs: John Cura

DRAMA

Banner in the Works

AS A REMINDER to holiday makers in this soaked August that there are fates worse than being incarcerated in 'Sea View', we had on Sunday a handsome revival of Marjorie Bowen's 'Captain Banner' (by 'George Preedy' as it was first played). The scene is Wisberg Castle where good men rot with damp and boredom and where, as at 'Sea View', there is really nothing much to look at but the breakers inching in *wee* as the wet sand and the rain *flap* down over the dunes.

Occasionally things are brightened by the far-off cry of a B.B.C. seagull, blown in from Mr. Trewin's column by the gale. Occasionally, too, one could relieve one's feelings by playing at witchcraft with George Coulouris who here appears as Tartuffe's Uncle in a cassock. Ah, how sad it is for poor Captain Banner, who was the handsome David Farrar; why, even the visitor who at length arrives is called Molde! And ripely sinister, too, as few actors can show us in the twinkling of a leer, as Andrew Cruickshank can. No wonder Captain Banner felt like cleaving unto faithful Katrine (pretty Jeanette Sterke) who was for ever footing it up from the village with sewing and laundry only to be refused admission by the rough guardsmen at the cardboard gates who (in film inserts) flung her roughly backwards on to the dune. Dunc again! But there is no restraining a girl in love in eighteenth-century costume drama. Soon Katrine has gained admittance and Mr. Farrar is saying 'How cold you are'—and then, as we half guess he might, adding the unforgettable words 'Come over by the fire and warm yourself'. At which point we cannot quite forget that all the grate at 'Sea View' contains is a few fir-cones and a fan made out of the *Sunday Pictorial*.

But, as they say in this kind of piece, stay! I have run on too fast. For who is this approaching in filmed insert on trusty quadruped? Donkey races on Wisberg beach? 'Ha', cries old Molde gleefully, 'they have made good time!' And not a moment too soon either, for the play was going to sleep on us. However, when we learn who the lady in the mask is, hearts pound anew. It is, gentlemen, the Queen, the adulterous Queen of the imbecile King Christian VII, and having been caught with her lover she has been exiled here to rot, while he, rash man, was instantly beheaded. No wonder, when she takes off that mask, she gives one and all what Cockneys call an old-fashioned look. In other respects, of course, she is far from old-fashioned, being the comely Faith Brook with her expressive eyes and handsome nose and brow. She does not replace the mask. Her lady-in-waiting, the baroness, is Mary Clare and she too was full of exasperated hauteur at the roughness of the lodging provided. But, of course, there was little Katrine to help. From which point, supposing you are interested, I recommend you should follow this admirably produced drama during its repeat tonight. I enjoyed it.

Drama otherwise—or let us say drama of the intentional sort—has had rather a thin time of it this week. But the children had a treat with a piece called 'My Uncle Rollo'. Who, I wondered, was my



Walter Fitzgerald as Joey Walker and Anne Crawford as Polly Arden in Part 4 of 'The Six Proud Walkers', on August 4

Uncle Rollo and for some time feared it was the sort of question one ought not to ask as it might lay you open to ridicule, like the distinguished justice inquiring 'Who is Charlie Chaplin?' Uncle Rollo might possibly be some god in the new mythology—like Uncle Holly who now teams up with Father Christmas, or perhaps someone from the great world of the comics, reading matter I most shamefully neglect: someone like Mrs. Hippo, Garth, or Tiger Tim. But I think I am right in saying that he is a *new* figure in the life of the nation's children and quite a pleasant old duffer too, even if a shade sinister. He (Oliver Burt) and his nephew (Anthony Valentine) had quite a time of it in this adventure, which had the mild and improvisatory quality of a game made up, 'as you go along', after nursery tea. Again, very pleasant, if seldom really thrilling. I was only sorry there had to be a funny American gangster in it: we have so many transatlantic tough hombres in our nurseries as it is.

Having thus dealt with the great dramatic highlights of the week, I have little space to consider another type of histrionics: and can safely do so when the new parlour games include such speciality acts as the 'turn' by The Great Levante which caused much diversion in 'Guess My Story'. Miss Great Levante, his daughter, was one of the challengers and when the panel had guessed her (how *did* they guess?), dad came in in a backless white waistcoat and was appropriately hammered into a packing case by the ladies and gents of the panel. After which a shroud was lowered over him and some minutes later raised to reveal him sitting smoking (a cigarette) on the lid. Amazing! You could have knocked Miss Eunice Gayson down with a feather, so surprised was she; and when this attractive young person is surprised she leaves us in no doubt whatever of which emotion is gnawing at her. Not since 'The Perils of Pauline' or the heyday of Gloria



'Captain Banner' on August 8: Jeanette Sterke as Katrine, and David Farrar in the name part

Swanson have I seen emotion so vigorous 'registered'. Miss Gayson enacting 'It's on the tip of my tongue but if I remember and blurt it out, won't it give the game away?' should win hands down in any competition for mugging in panel games. Miss Cherry is the more restrained actress, when she has a sudden 'inspiration' it hardly even shakes her earrings. As for the gentlemen, Mr. Train and Mr. Pertwee, they get it right time and again with hardly a blush. It is curious but great fun—the parade of challengers, a ballroom queen who went to Lourdes, a solid looking test pilot, a tongue-tied navigator . . . I am even learning to like the press photographers' speciality spot.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Rough Weather

OUTSIDE, a few umbrella-tops seemed to be floating through the rain: within, a gull cried its lonely 'Wait-for-me, wait-for-me' from the radio set. Soon it appeared that an unpleasant millionaire—most thriller-millionaires take the epithet—had been found dead by a remote western shore. The situation went with the unlikely August night: I tried to lose myself in Mary Fitt's castle, that mass of masonry from which our millionaire would rake the coast with a powerful searchlight—well, why not?—and that shore of which *Radio Times* had provided a map, complete with such names as Cantrell Slype and Hog Pen. I looked at this dubiously, but for once a map was not confusing. The dramatist had set her scene firmly enough. All we had to do was to sit back, to listen to the argle-bargle of a world that is like no other: a world where it is always

stormy weather, a scene-of-the-crime peopled by corpses, suspects, and detectives. In 'Death at Dancing Stones' (Home) everyone said the right things at the right moment; 'To what do we owe this very early call?', or 'You suspect Foul Play?', or 'Rosalind, you are still not thinking of this waster?', or—my favourite, though the speaker had too little to do—'Ah, *mon ami*, you look "done in", as they say'.

The millionaire, who also looked 'done in', was called, properly, Jarvis Mellows. No one with that name, you will agree, could have



The 'Moscow State' Puppets in 'Aladdin,' in Children's Television on August 2: the arrival of Princess Budur, and (right) the Princess in close-up

John Cura



Watching your step, George?

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avoided an end by Foul Play, a battering with a shillelagh. The dramatist (who owed much to Ayton Whitaker's excellent production) kept us moderately interested in the chase, though it was difficult—even in this world of the thriller—to accept old Rachel, the dog-fancying, pipe-smoking, kilt-wearing seaweed-gatherer who was swept away by the tide. There was no chance of hearing her—except, I think, for one shriek in the distance—so I took the dramatist's word that she was everything she ought to be. Happily, in a flashback, we did get the murdered man himself. Laidman Browne has never given a fiercer performance of an unpleasant millionaire fond of chess and searchlights. When he snarled 'Dear-r-r boy!' that he must have been born, so to speak, with a bowstring around his neck. The plot was teased-out. Towards the end attention wandered back too often to the slopping of the August rain, and during the tangle of the last ten minutes I caught myself saying, in a portentous growl, 'We may take Fancy for a companion, but we must follow Reason as our guide'.

The growl was Samuel Johnson's. I had met the young Johnson, the bear-cub, earlier in the week during a feature 'Slow Rises Worth' (Third). His voice sounded only through the recollections of his friends, Mrs. Thrale, Boswell, and the rest. Slowly, agreeably, five speakers—Ursula Jeans and Tony Quinn among them—built up the detail. We heard of the 'touching' for the Queen's Evil (the child had a confused but solemn recollection of Queen Anne as 'a lady in diamonds and a long black hood'). Later, he was buying tarts, talking to himself, fancying himself in love with some Princess or other. A hundred memories, assembled by Eric Ewens (in a production by Christopher Sykes) composed a full and friendly portrait. The room grew warm with affection, and we forgot the rain.

It was less easy to forget it on Sunday evening when we listened to a version of an old German farce, Johann Nestroy's 'Liberty Comes to Krähwinkel' (Third). Norman Wright and his cast toiled through a piece that came over like the vague outline of a Gilbertian libretto without Sullivan's music (Elizabeth Poston supplied some music, but not enough). The skit was on pompous, bull-frog officialdom in a little Austrian town striving to be free. Unluckily, for me Krähwinkel never built itself: everything remained too consciously funny, studio-clenched, until the very end. Then a masquerader strayed in as the Duke of Wellington, talking a kind of Alfred Jingle *patois* and exclaiming 'Radical rascal!—Need a good pepperin'! 'Admirable; but the rest of the play needed a pepperin' of wit.

Stormy weather in my set prevented me from hearing about Anthony Jacobs' frightened housekeeper—I wait for a second opportunity—but service was resumed in time for me to catch a comedy called 'The Recording Angel' (Home). There Harald Clouston and Norman Ginsbury had mild fun with guardian angels and the way in which we get good marks or bad. I felt that this little play (it was like one of Johnson's sweeter wines) belonged to its harpist, Elena Polonska, just as 'Variety Playhouse' (Home) belonged to the 'host', Brian Reece, with his intimate manner, the voice on the edge of a giggle. It would not have surprised me if he had thrust his head from the set, crying, 'Ah, *mon ami*, you look "done in", as they say'. He was not allowed any rich jest, and the comedians seemed to be under the weather, e.g., 'The sunshine this summer has been a lot wetter than usual'. Outside the umbrellas slid by: I would have preferred a talk on the Central Australian Desert.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Duty or Pleasure?

WHILE CHEWING THE CUD of my week's listening before putting pen to paper and, later, forefinger to typewriter (I have never learned to play the typewriter as if it were a piano) I realise from time to time that I have allowed myself to waver between two personalities. Sometimes I have behaved as an irresponsible but, I hope, fairly intelligent member of the public, sometimes as the conscientious critic. The first listens for pleasure and, when pleasure ceases, switches off: the second keeps his nose to the grindstone to the bitter end, then tries to justify his verdict.

It was as the first that I tuned in to 'Reverence for Life', which sets out to give an impression of the thought of Albert Schweitzer. I approached it, I admit, somewhat nervously, because I feel, rightly or wrongly, that it is impermissible to give a public impersonation of a living person or one alive within living memory. (Dr. Johnson died long enough ago to be fair game for dramatic treatment). Is this mere prejudice or a sense of decency? It was my reverence for Schweitzer that almost at once turned me against this broadcast. I have never heard him speak, but nothing will persuade me that he has the manner of speech of a pawky old party with a wicked laugh. Another irritant was the use of Bach's organ Toccata and Fugue in D minor as background music to a speaking voice—a device which, one would think, would infuriate Dr. Schweitzer, whose reverence for Bach is second only to his reverence for life. As a conscientious critic I ought, nevertheless, to have hung on till the end; in the course of its hour the programme may have developed an unforeseen excellence; but the fact remains that it made a deplorable start and, yielding to an amateur's impatience, I switched off.

It was with a better excuse and a full consciousness of my critical duties that I cut short another broadcast—'Forty Years After', a programme of recollection by members of the B.E.F. Its failure was due to one of those admirable qualities which have made the British soldier what he is; I mean his habit, celebrated by Bairnsfather in his Old Bill of the first world war, of treating critical occasions as commonplace occurrences, a habit which, when he recalls them in talk, shows itself in a dazzling display of *meiosis* or *litotes*. All the *fortissimo* passages of his war experiences, in fact, are played with the soft pedal held firmly down. Add to this the damping effect of the microphone on speakers unaccustomed to its presence, and you may abandon all hope of a vivid and enthralling programme. And indeed 'Forty Years After' while I listened to it, and that was for more than half its length, achieved a formidable sloth and tedium.

But my reason for switching off was not, this time, dereliction of duty: on the contrary, if I hadn't done so I would have missed the second of four studies in Barotse law, called 'The Reasonable Man', by Professor Max Gluckman, of which I had already heard the first earlier in the week. Among the Barotse of Northern Rhodesia Professor Gluckman has heard various cases tried by Barotse judges (their only lawyers) and in these talks he is describing four of the cases. His lucid account of the proceedings brought out the shrewdness and the scrupulous fairness of the judges and their brilliant cross-examination, and he pointed out that Barotse law, like our own, has at its core the idea of the reasonable man in his various aspects; for instance, the reasonable councillor must behave with dignity and rectitude and not give way to violent action, and there is, similarly, a standard of reasonable behaviour for a wife, a husband, and so on. The first two of these studies have been extraordinarily interesting.

'Bereft of Light' was the spontaneous discussion, broadcast on the Welsh Home Service three months ago, of questions put by an invited audience at the Swansea studios to Arthur R. Lloyd, H. Harrop-Griffiths, and a consultant in physical medicine, all of whom are blind. All carry on normal occupations, and the questions related to the effects of their blindness as each experienced them. They provoked an interesting, vigorous, and sometimes very amusing discussion. David Lloyd James made a lively question-master.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

String Quartet

CHAMBER MUSIC, and the string quartet in particular, has had lately too scant attention in this column. This is not wholly due to lack of attention on my part, nor even to preoccupation with the spate of operas and orchestral concerts which, because they are louder and longer, inevitably tend to drown the still small voice of the quartet. No: the trouble is that most of the quartet-playing we hear nowadays is too still and small, not by comparison with the full orchestra, but with what four string-players ought to be able to produce in the way of rich, full tone. There is a fashion for gingerly, pernickety playing, for a tentative touching of the strings with the bow, for pale, chlorotic performances, all nuance and, if the expression may be permitted, no guts.

It was, therefore, with enormous pleasure that I heard, and now proceed to extol, the splendid performance of the First Rasumovsky given last week by the Koeckert String Quartet. From the moment the violoncellist started up the noble curve of the first subject with firm tone and shapely phrasing, one felt that this was going to be the real thing. And it was. Here were four players not afraid to dig their bows into the strings confidently and boldly, yet without scrape or scratch. So the quality of tone was firm and full, whether they were playing loud or soft, and the balance of the four instruments was perfect, the viola contributing its fair share besides a distinctly individual voice as one might notice in its answer to the springing rhythm of the violoncello at the beginning of the *Allegretto*. This second movement and the broad, singing melodies of the third were played with the greatest delicacy and sensibility, yet without any finicking effect, because the rhythm, like the tone, was always firm.

By good luck, there was another excellent quartet to be heard on the following evening, that led by Sandor Vegh, who played Brahms' Opus 67 in B flat in a manner which upheld the high reputation of Hungarian string-players. An early quartet and a late one by Beethoven were also contributed by the Barylli Quartet, whose leader is Concertmeister of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. If this ensemble is not in the same class as its predecessor, the Rosé Quartet, the performance of the C minor Quartet from Opus 18 was musically and well timed.

Immediately after it I listened to a highly laudatory tribute by Harold Rosenthal to Maria Callas, the operatic soprano. Unfortunately, apart from her admirable performance of part of the 'mad scene' from 'Lucia di Lammermoor', the recordings of her voice hardly substantiated all the speaker's superlatives. It was particularly obvious that certain notes tended to stand out of a phrase, owing either to an excess of pressure affecting the tone at that point or, sometimes, to a change of register imperfectly controlled. The recording of Lilli Lehmann, old as it was and old as the singer must have been, made a quite startling contrast in technical finish. Nor

has Maria Callas' voice that quality that can bring tears to the listeners' eyes, such as we heard from Claudia Muzio, the subject of a previous talk by Robert Irwin in this series, which was of special interest to me because I heard one of her performances as Desdemona at Covent Garden. The recording confirmed my memory of the beauty and pathos of her singing which has never, in my experience, been equalled in this part.

On Saturday we made another visit to Salzburg for a performance of Strauss' 'Ariadne', and the more one hears it, the more completely successful it seems as a work of art—and that in spite of an over-ornateness in the German

baroque manner, which I find distasteful. With Lisa della Casa as Ariadne and three admirable singers as her attendant nymphs, the *opera seria* went extremely well under Carl Böhm's direction. Rudolf Schock's Bacchus did not let the side down at the weakest point in the score, even if it did not uphold it quite as nobly as our Mr. Lewis does. The harlequinade was less nimbly done than at Glyndebourne, but, though some of her runs in the early part of her big aria were nothing more than *portamenti*, Hilde Gueden sang Zerbinetta's music with sparkling brilliance and beautiful tone, especially from the cadenza onwards. In the Prologue too few of the singers made their words audible, the speak-

ing major-domo being a particular offender, and though Irmgard Seefried's Composer was, by ordinary standards, a good performance, it lacked the passionate expression and the reedy, masculine quality of tone that distinguish Sena Jurinac's singing of the part.

Miss Jurinac's singing of an air from 'Idomeneo' was an oasis of loveliness in a Mozart programme relayed from the Proms, which also gave us fine performances of Vaughan Williams' 'London' Symphony conducted by Sargent and of Arthur Benjamin's strenuous and eloquent First Symphony under the composer's direction.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

A Casualty of Music

By EDWARD LOCKSPEISER

A recital of Chausson's songs will be broadcast at 7.25 p.m. on Wednesday, August 18 (Third)

NO more Russian music, no more boating, no more billiards'. Chausson is recalling a visit of the young Debussy to his country home. 'What a nuisance you are to have gone!' Gone were those happy days, they had gone. And the lilac time had gone too, and the roses and the carnations had faded. . . . There are the indulgent sighs of Chausson's songs. And there, too, caught on the screens of their cameras, are the bearded young composers with their slender canes and their straw hats. '*Le temps des lilacs ne reviendra plus ce printemps-ci*'. 'The time of our photography is over and of our culinary conversations too' Chausson goes on, geying the words of his song, 'and the time of our playing with balloons! . . .'. The billiard table, boating on the lake, and playing like children with balloons: it is almost the setting of a story by Guy de Maupassant.

Chausson lives for us today in that period setting. In fact he always lived in it, aware of his limitations yet unwilling to accept them. Consequently he fretted. It was all very well for Debussy to introduce him to the new songs of Mussorgsky or to lecture him on the symbolism of Mallarmé; these were spheres which Chausson could hardly enter. He was the possessor of a charming but slender talent; he was an explorer of a kind; but he was timid. He lived in the shadowy world of the French symbolist poets, but he was often losing his way in it. And he was often, too often, losing confidence in himself. The truth is that he loved music, but somehow too intensely, so that it worried him, it tyrannised him to the extent that at the end of his life, instead of looking forward to a natural resolution of his ideals, he would have been glad to accept some kind of complete release from them and indeed from all the obligations he had imposed upon himself as a composer. Like several other pupils of César Franck who had been reduced to repetition or to impotence—Duparc is the most tragic example—he became in the end a casualty of music.

Barely sixteen years extend from Chausson's earliest works, the seven songs of his Op. 2 which appeared in 1882, to the String Quartet completed by Vincent d'Indy. He wrote besides the well-known 'Poème' for violin and orchestra, a Pianoforte Trio, a Pianoforte Quartet, and a sextet called a 'Concert' for piano, violin, and string quartet. His almost forgotten Symphony, largely modelled on the Symphony of Franck, was greatly admired in its day by Nikisch. His opera 'Le Roi Arthus', modelled on 'Tristan', received a few performances in

Paris and Brussels after the composer's death, but is completely unknown to the present generation. There are finally about thirty songs, incidental music for plays, including 'The Tempest', and some unpublished symphonic and choral works.

In general Chausson's work shows a generous gift of melody of the same cast as the melodies of Franck, but without their intensity and tautness. The reason for this is that the underlying harmony of Chausson, though it derives from the harmony of Wagner and Franck, is more flaccid. (I should say that Chausson seems particularly to have admired in Wagner the Fire Music from 'The Valkyrie', 'Tristan', and the Flower Maidens' scene from 'Parsifal'; in Franck he seems to have admired the slow-moving basses.) His harmony revolves around the chord of the seventh, particularly the diminished seventh which, because it is built on a series of super-imposed minor thirds (e.g., G sharp, B, D, F) can belong simultaneously to four tonalities. Obviously here was an ambiguous harmonic system well suited to draw out the day-dreams of this sensitive composer.

Franck, who prized modulation as the essence of harmony, and in the opinion of many over-emphasised its importance, seldom uses the chord of the diminished seventh for the purpose of modulation. He sought the common notes of related tonalities with the result that the degree of dissonance in his music is constantly changing. Hence the sense of relative tautness which his harmony produces, and the state of ecstasy which his music has often provoked. Wagner, too, cultivated dissonance within an organised scheme—a scheme of anticipations and suspensions, so that the ordered clash of the dissonance and its resolution produce the effect of conflicts faced and resolved. Chausson was an offshoot of Franck and Wagner, and it is interesting to see how the levels of tension and ecstasy reached in 'Tristan' and the Franck Symphony descend in Chausson's 'Poème' and the 'Chanson perpétuelle' to a mood of unrelieved despair. In Franck and Wagner dissonance is prepared, organised, and embedded in the texture; in the music of Chausson, with its floating chords of the diminished seventh, dissonance is never really caught hold of, never really defined, but always vaguely present. I have said that Chausson was a casualty of music; he was—in the sense that it was impossible for him to maintain the high-powered tension of his models. But he made a virtue of his defects. He cultivated instead a melancholic, luxurious style not dissimilar, as it seems to us today, from the lush, introspective style of Delius.

Chausson's most characteristic songs are those forming his first set of seven, Op. 2. 'Nanny', on a poem by Leconte de Lisle, is a counterpart of 'Nell', also on a poem of Leconte de Lisle, by Fauré. The vocal line is eloquent and beautifully drawn, not especially interesting in regard to prosody, but consistently lyrical. Another song on a poem by Leconte de Lisle from this early group is 'Le Colibri', reminiscent again of the early songs of Fauré. 'Hébé', bearing the sub-title 'A Greek song in the Phrygian Mode', is the example that Chausson himself preferred from this set, possibly because he was for once successfully able to avoid any trace of chromatic harmony. In the next set, Op. 8, the texts are those of Chausson's friend Maurice Bouchor—stylised and conventional poems on the theme of unrequited love. Chausson was not always fastidious in his choice of texts; the subject of the poem, generally disappointment or despair, apparently meant more to him than its treatment.

This applies to the 'Poème de l'Amour et de la Mer', a scena for voice and orchestra, the text of which are extracts from a series of autobiographical poems by Maurice Bouchor. In this novel form, consisting of settings of two poems with orchestral interludes, Chausson uses the cyclical technique of Franck, though when the initial theme is re-introduced at the end, it is not so much transformed as re-harmonised. The four Shakespeare songs, on translations by Bouchor, are charming without any attempt at characterisation. The three Verlaine songs suggest Reynaldo Hahn rather than Fauré or Debussy. The best example of Chausson's nostalgic vein is the 'Chanson perpétuelle' for voice and string quartet on a poem by one of Verlaine's followers, Charles Cros.

One longs in this series of songs to see Chausson burst the vein of his languorous talent. He does so, at any rate for a few moments, in some of the last songs he wrote, the cycle 'Serres chaudes' on poems by Maeterlinck. The imagery and symbolism of these poems are far superior to any other texts used by Chausson and the settings are correspondingly more vivid. The closing song of this group, 'Oraison', a magnificently moving prayer, is indeed worthy of that other disciple of Franck, Henri Duparc, who was similarly haunted by, and in fact finally driven into, complete impotence. And one is left with the thought that the 'Serres chaudes' somehow unite these two composers, so sensitive in their different ways, so earnest and yet so diffident, and who clearly had it in them to cultivate more than just that pleasant half-acre or so of the Impressionist world of the *fin-de-siècle*.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

COOKING SUMMER FRUITS

WE ARE NOT remarkably successful as a nation with cooking fruit. I agree that few puddings can be nicer than blackcurrant, or black cherry, pudding or, for that matter, red-cherry pie, but, oh dear! the stewed fruit we produce, usually swimming in a sweet, watery liquid and often broken or mashed in pieces.

The secret of stewing fruit is to use plenty of sugar and to poach the fruit very gently in a syrup. Do not put your fruit and water and sugar all in at once and just cook it, but make your syrup first by cooking the sugar with the water for, say, a quarter of an hour, and use this syrup for cooking the fruit very gently until it is soft but not broken up. The proportions I use are $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of sugar to 1 lb. of fruit and a teacup of water.

When the fruit is cooked, take it out carefully with a perforated spoon, put it into the dish, and boil the syrup rapidly until it makes a thicker syrup, and pour this finally over the fruit. Fruit cooked this way is what you would use for filling a flan, the fruit quite whole and unbroken, and the syrup, thickened with a little arrowroot, just poured over it to set.

Another good way of using fruit of any kind is to make one of those fruit-juice moulds that you find under different names all over Europe. Stew enough fruit with sugar to your taste to give a pint of juice, then mix one ounce of arrowroot with a little of the juice when it is cool, add it to the rest, bring it gradually to the boil, and cook until it is clear. When it is cold and set, put cream on each helping.

The juice of one kind of fruit, such as black or red currants is good, and so is a mixture, say, raspberries and currants, or raspberries, currants, and cherries. But you can make it with any fruit juice: grapes is one good idea.

AMBROSE HEATH

CLEANING CARPETS AT HOME

When shampooing carpets, remember (1) that you need a breezy sort of morning, so that you can leave doors and windows open and get a good draught billowing through; and (2) that you must be careful not to put back furniture until the floor is really dry. Heavy furniture makes deep pits in the pile; worse still, metal castors make rusty stains. Another problem is that of carpet dyes running. This applies particularly, of course, to a patterned carpet. To help that situation use a synthetic detergent to whisk up some warm suds, and add vinegar: reckon one tablespoon of vinegar to one pint of sudsy water. And put the same quantity of vinegar in the rinsing water.

There are some excellent shampoos made now especially for carpets; and these are easy to apply and easy to rinse away. If you choose to use soap, then pay particular attention to rinsing—soapy traces left behind have a dulling effect on colours. When you are working with a soap shampoo I think it is helpful to have a bowlful of warm suds and a bowlful of rinsing water. Then you can work on a small square at a time, massaging in the suds with a soft, old nailbrush, and straight away wiping them off with a clean cloth wrung out in the rinsing

water—letting each square overlap the other a little as you go.

A word about the kind of carpet which needs freshening up rather than a thorough wash. I find that what is wanted here is simply a quick rub over with warm water plus a dash of household ammonia—say about a tablespoon of ammonia to a bucket three parts full of water. This shifts surface marks very easily and brings up the colour.

RUTH DREW

Notes on Contributors

ALEC PETERSON (page 231): formerly Director General of Information Services, Malaya; has been appointed Headmaster of Dover College as from next month; author of *The Far East: a Social Geography*

A. J. P. TAYLOR (page 233): Fellow and Tutor in Modern History, Magdalen College, Oxford; author of *The Struggle for Mastery in Europe, 1848-1918*, *Rumours of Wars, From Napoleon to Stalin*, etc.

ANDREW SHONFIELD (page 235): foreign editor of *The Financial Times*

D. M. MACKINNON (page 239): Regius Professor of Moral Philosophy, Aberdeen University since 1947

J. D. CHAMBERS (page 241): Reader in Economic and Social History, University of Nottingham

NORMAN NICHOLSON (page 248): poet, playwright, and critic: author of *William Cowper*, *Wordsworth*, *H. G. Wells*, *Cumberland and Westmorland*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,267.

Tricode.

By Recon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 19

There are four sets of clues—horizontal (normal), horizontal (reversed), vertical (down), and vertical (up). Only the answers to the horizontal (normal) clues are entered in the diagram in plain language. The answers to the other clues are encoded before insertion in the diagram, a simple substitution cypher, where each letter of the alphabet (with

the exception of I) is replaced by another, being used. Each of the three sets of clues has a different code. For example, if answers to two of the horizontal (reversed) clues were BUN and VET, the corresponding entries would be FYR and XMZ respectively, as B=F, U=X, V=Y, etc., in the code for this particular set of clues.

CLUES—Horizontal (normal)

1. I call in just before the end of class without qualification (13).
15. All Scots but five hammers (6).
17. Plus a shorter name for 20 slightly changed (3).
18. 6-0, 50-1, and initially no score—some players (7).
21. Should be uprooted from those we educate (4).
22. Flesh is revealed removing the pipe (4).
24. Indian corn, coarsely ground (4).
26. Insincere worship with service (3).
31. I bit a reset bone (5).
32. Ego twice related to the stork (4).
34. Loud Scottish eye to hire (3).
42. Hindu pronounced poorly (4).
44. Fish belonging to the Anguillidae family (4).
45. A long time after furnish retinue (8).
47. Vehicle (5).

Horizontal (reversed)

10. Hall (8).
13. Annul (5).
16. Vessels (7).
19. Weary (3).
20. See 17 (4).
23. Tarboosh (3).
27. Follows advice (7).
33. Periteneum (3).
35. Instigate (3).
37. Order (5).
38. Eager (4).
48. Windlass bar (6).
49. Ungenerously (13).

Vertical (down)

1. Eats more icing (anag.) (13).
3. Instrument (6).
4. Indifference (6).
6. Parasitic fungus (6).
6. This system continued under the 48 (6).
7. Sect (12).
8. Degenerating (9).
13. Weapons (5).
25. Calm (7).
26. Journal (5).
27. Loose (7).
29. Body of the Corinthian capital (4).
30. Tributary of the Danube (3).
34. What the mice wanted the cat to be (6).
39. Fallacy (4).
43. Framework (4).
46. Interrupt (3).

Vertical (up)

2. Assert (6).
9. Settles in advance (13).
11. Rope (3).
12. Pertaining to Venus (7).
14. Wharf (4).
28. Style (3).
36. Shril (5).
40. Craws (4).
41. Australian Cape (4).

Solution of No. 1,265

F	A	C	E	C	O	A	T	S	A	R	A	D
R	S	O	L	O	N	R	O	N	G	A	M	A
A	T	R	I	M	A	R	H	A	R	L	Y	N
N	I	T	S	O	H	A	M	P	I	P	P	A
K	H	O	M	E	A	N	J	A	P	H	E	T
I	S	T	A	M	B	O	U	L	P	O	L	E
E	A	L	P	M	A	R	A	G	A	N	O	R
S	L	A	V	A	M	I	N	O	R	U	U	Z
A	O	N	I	A	Y	A	S	M	I	N	I	O
A	M	E	S	L	A	N	I	E	R	E	S	A
R	E	E	P	I	S	A	F	R	A	Z	E	R

NOTES

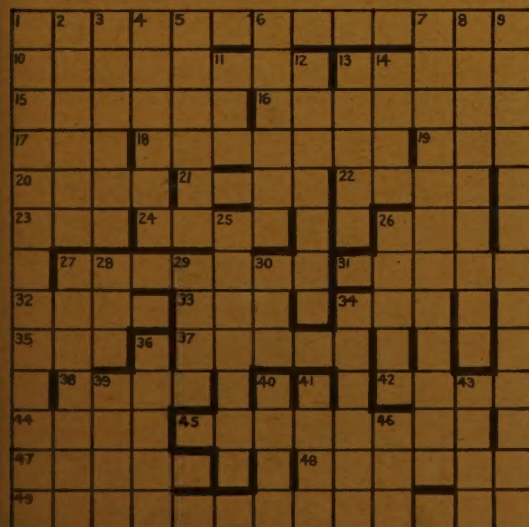
Across: 1. Ben Jonson, *The Alchemist*; 5. anagram: cotton manufacturer; 8. Numbers 21, 1; 15. 'Princess Ida' (G. & S.); 16. Longfellow, 'The Bell of Atri'; 20. Drayton; 21. Brewer; 22. Browning, 'Pippa Passes'; 26. Marryat; 31. 'Henry VI', II, 4; 33. Byron; 35. Ruth 1; 43. Home of the Muses; 49. Wicket keeper; 53. 'Taming of the Shrew'.

Down: 1. Not Francis. Simple Simon, *Rewards and Fairies*; 2. anagram and hidden; 3. Cor(homer)-tot (add); 6. Arran(t); 7. Brewer; 18. 1 Kings 21, 20; 25. C. Brontë; 26. Byron; 'Don Juan' I, 28; 36. Amy (10D)—as Spenser, 'Faerie Queene'; 37. Genesis 10, 2; 40. anagram; 42. Genesis 14, 2; 47. 2 Sam. 20, 26.

Many of the names and references will be found in *The Century Cyclopaedia of Names*

Prizewinners: 1st prize: Miss F. E. Sanderson (Great Wymondley); 2nd prize: Group Captain G. S. Marshall (Edinburgh, 5); 3rd prize: The Archdeacon of St. Albans

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